

THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS PARNELL



LONDON  
DALDY YORK STREET  
COVENT GARDEN

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IGNOSCENDA ISTHÆC AN COGNOSCENDA REARIS  
ATTENTO DREPANI PERLEGIT JUDICIO  
ÆQUANIMUS FIAM TE JUDICI SIVE LEGENDA  
SIVE TEGENDI PUTES CARMINA QUÆ DEDIMUS  
POSSUM EGO CENSURAM LECTORIS FERRE SEVERI  
ET POSSUM MODICA LAUDE FIACERE MIHI  
AUSONIUS C L DREPANO PAR PROL.



Tho' round each latticed bowen and shaded room  
Soft airs waft fragrant with the citron bloom  
Then bight festoons the flowery woodbines braid  
Wed tree to tree, and join the distant shade  
While from each sculptur'd urn, in beauteous row,  
The rich geranium spreads its scarlet glow  
Beneath the southern sash the myrtle bears  
Our ruder winters and inclement airs  
Though round the walls the pictur'd tablets shine,  
And all the wealth of Titian's art is mine,  
Yet no sweet voice its silver music wakes,  
O'er my fond eye no form of beauty breaks,  
No gentle hand my morning meal prepares,  
My studious noon, my evening saunter shares,  
No steps of gladness wander through the grove,  
No lute is sounding from the soft alcove,  
And when the summer sun sinks down to rest,  
This cheek lies pillow'd on no loved one's breast

Poet and friend ! from every haunted grove,  
Where, wild of wing, young fancy loves to rove,  
Where'er thy devious footsteps wont to stray,  
Each muse, each grace, companions of thy way,  
Pause o'er the page which friendship gives to fame,  
And mark the verse inscribed with Parnell's name  
See the poor minstrel leave his silent towers,  
His moss-grown gardens, and neglected bowers.  
Pleas'd for awhile with pilgrim-steps to roam,  
He found in Twickenham's groves a dearer home,  
And sooth'd alike by friendship and the muse,

For one brief moment would his sorrows close  
 With St John's converse the slow hours beguile,  
 And win with song approving Harley's smile  
 Yet duly, where the evening willows wave,  
 Seek the lone grot, and weep o'er Anna's grave

"Where dost thou flow (methinks his voice I hear),  
 Thou nameless brook, whose warbles soothe my ear,  
 Where spread, thou soft and visionary scene,  
 Thy gentle lawns and sunny slopes of green  
 How wild the music steals from yonder vale!  
 What sweets are breathing in that western gale!  
 Why gleams thy spire, sweet hamlet yet unknown,

Ah! might I call thy pastoral charms my own!  
 Find in thy shades the long forsaken lyre,  
 And wake to nobler flights the sleeping wing of  
 fire "

So duly as the vernal blossoms smile,  
 And win to gladness our reluctant isle,  
 When Venus wakes her loveliest smiles again,  
 Mounts her bright car, and calls her roseate train,  
 Chaim'd by thy voice, I leave my books and bowers,  
 Well pleas'd with thee to share the social hours,  
 Secure to find (so close our fates agree),  
 The friend, and such as Parnell found, in thee

Say (for thou know'st), how glides the various day,  
 How time, with thee conversing, steals away  
 And oh! recall (too swift our pleasures fly,)

Those kinder seasons and that softer sky  
Through the long morn, from air to air we roam,  
(For genius here has ever found a home)

See grace and truth young Newton's brows en-  
wreathe,

From Chantrey's hand the soften'd marble breathe,  
The wond'ring stranger pausing as he cries,  
'Tis he—the friend long lost—that smile, those  
eyes

Restor'd are his,—ah ! now he time defies !  
Pleas'd we behold another Reynolds shine,  
Lamented Lawience ! in each touch of thine,  
So pure, so true, the aerial colours fall,  
And blend with life the animated wall,  
Flush'd with rich Nature's hues, the temper'd ray

Steals into shade, and softly melts away  
From Peel's fair eyes such streams of radiance  
flow, [glow,  
On Richmond's cheek such bright carnations  
While Genius builds his throne on Canning's  
thoughtful brow

Or if the Tragic Muse her sceptre wield,  
All eye—all ear—intent with tears, I yield  
To Kemble's charms—Nature with Art—I hear  
Siddons revived again,—and now appear

(Would he had seen her, but he is no more,  
Whom I remember on the midnight floor,  
Breathless, with dagger clutch'd, and dripping  
gone,

Would he had seen her—but the silent bier

Hath pass'd Lausanne's still waters)—now appear  
 Each sweet reflected form that Shakespeare drew  
 Verona's pallid flower surcharg'd with dew,  
 Young Juliet—ere her bridal robes were worn,  
 Sleeping with death—alas ! that fatal morn !  
 And she whom Hamlet lov'd, the Danish maid  
                   foilorn

Sweets to the sweet !—not flowers, but tears we pay,  
 Charm'd by Thalia's laughing eyes away  
 The goddess comes ! ah ! let not that gay smile,  
 Breathing each varied grace, thy heart beguile,  
 Though Mirth and Pleasure kindle on her brow,  
 Though bright the gleams of love and laughter glow,  
 Yet thou each soft seductive glance distrust,  
 And feel that beauty is not always just  
 E'en as I speak, behold the Enchantress flies,  
 While at her feet departing pleasure lies  
 Ah ! had she still adorn'd the comic scene,  
 Then all that Oldfield was, had Mordaunt been  
 The Poet's page had hail'd her growing fame,  
 And future Drydens dignified a name,  
 Of beauty more profuse, and more secure from  
                   blame

One moment linger !—lo ! from Venus' bowels  
 Descends the youngest of the roseate Hours  
 She comes in all her blushing beauty borne,  
 From the far fountains of the purple morn  
 Aurora's self ! what time her brow resumes,

The bright refulgence of its golden plumes  
 Sylph of the earth '—the sky'—and oh ' as fair  
 And beauteous as her sisters of the air  
 In that sweet form what varied graces meet,  
 Love in her eye, and music in her feet  
 Light as the bounding fawn along the lea,  
 O! lithe bud glancing on the summer tree,  
 Light as the foam when Venus leaves the wave,  
 O! blossoms fluttering over April's grave  
 Mark on yon rose lights the celestial tread,  
 The trembling stalk but just declines its head  
 Sweet Ariel floats above her as she springs  
 And wafes the flying fan, and lends her wings  
 Now wreath'd in radiant smiles she seems to  
     glide,  
 With buoyant footstep, like Favonius' bride,  
 O! Psyche, zephyr-borne to Cupid's blushing  
     side  
 Her light symar in lucid beauty streams,  
 Of woven an, so thin the texture seems,  
 Round her small waist the zone young Ibis binds,  
 And gives the sandals that command the winds,  
 A thousand voices challenge Music's throne.  
 Daughter of Air! this empire is thine own,  
 Here Taglion reigns univall'd and alone

Now either park invites—to deck yon plain,  
 See all Palladio's skill revived again  
 There the bright palace rears its regal state,  
 The sculptur'd column and the trophied gate,

Spreads the rich frieze in marble beauty round,  
 And calls the distant quarry from the ground  
 Each mirror'd wall in silver lustre blooms,  
 And Persia blushes through her flow'ry looms  
 There the blue lake reflects the growing scenes,  
 The glittering terraces, and pendant greens,  
 How glow its banks! how winds each opening glade,  
 Thro' blooming thickets, and thro' walks of shade,  
 A bolder shore the admiring waters lave,  
 And the green island trembles in the wave  
 Mark, where new vistas ope, new temples rise,  
 And Athens smiles beneath our northern skies  
 The Enchanter calls!—the mountain waves its  
                   brow,

Through softer vales the obedient rivers flow,  
 Yon bending arch, where Thames his tribute pours,  
 Spans the long wave, and weds the opposing  
                   shores,

Pleas'd he receives his granite yoke again,  
 And glides with gentler murmur to the main  
 Now in thy calm suburban walks we stray,  
 Or catch from beauty's lips the waibled lay,  
 When masque and music close the long declining  
                   day

From yon grey Abbey mark the glittering beam,  
 O'er the rich shrines with ruby lustre stream,  
 Lighting the oriel,—tread, ah! gently tread!  
 Each stone a scholar's, or a soldier's bed  
 Yon time-worn tombs, and sculptur'd marbles hold



Names, 'mid the mightiest of the earth enoll'd,  
 Warrior and sage, the eloquent and strong,  
 Ah! only weak, least valour lead to wrong  
 The lips that once admiring nations heard,  
 The arm, whose strength retreating legions fear'd  
 There lies the lightning glance that Rodney flung,  
 There sleep the thunders of a Chatham's tongue  
 Firm 'mid corruption's cry, 'mid faction's band,  
 The unshaken Abdiel of a faithless land  
 (A voice once heard—silent how many a year, }  
 In the mute senate list'ning—'wouldst thou hear }  
 Tully, or him of Tarsus, now draw near!  
 Crouch'd the pale millions then—he stood alone  
 And shook the impending tempest from the throne  
 There meek as wise, in all his wisdom just,  
 And true to nature, there is Newton's dust  
 At every step the exulting breast shall glow,  
 No vulgar weakness force the tear to flow  
 The blameless bard, the unblemish'd statesman, all  
 Whose hearts responsive throb'd at Freedom's  
 There lie—alike their task of duty done, [call,  
 A Somers here, and there an Addison  
 To Virtue's eye, awful the dust appears,  
 The gather'd treasure of a thousand years,  
 Honour'd, but not deplor'd!—ah! where enshrined  
 As there, the immortality of mind!  
 The Patriot's breast, the Poet's tongue declare  
 That half the glory of the world is there

With awe we visit, oft unmark'd the name,  
 Each spot that Genius consecrates to fame,

The bleeding scaffold, or the dungeon's gloom,  
 The sacred glories of the martyr's tomb  
 Where, when the fires of death more fiercely rise }  
 Sweet Hope, with bosom calm and radiant eyes, }  
 Absolves the doubtful justice of the skies }  
 There shine, where Sidney fell, the opprobrious  
 There the grey virtue of a Cranmer calls, [walls,  
 Forms how benign attend his closing years,  
 Majestic sorrows—penitential tears '  
 Tender remorse, and soft upbraidings sent }  
 By the contrite heart, and conscience nightly bent, }  
 Fetching forgiveness home through punishment }  
 There Russell stood—while love and beauty nigh,  
 Watch'd each low word, and caught each chang-  
 ing eye  
 Gaz'd on the gleaming axe, the headsman's frown,  
 And the rich blood that stain'd the tyrant's crown  
 In yon dim aisle unmark'd a Milton sleeps,  
 O'er Rawleigh's grave indignant virtue weeps,  
 Greatest, when all were great—serene and gay, }  
 There More, unmov'd beheld life's closing day, }  
 And frowning on his foes, great Strafford stood }  
 at bay

Nor be the names unhonour'd in the page  
 Of faithful memory, calling back her age  
 With tears of holy joy and love divine '  
 To hang a pensive wreath upon the shrine  
 Of them who put—in hard affliction tried— }  
 Crosses, and crown, and jewell'd robe aside, }  
 Begging with earnest zeal to be denied

Left all, and fled—fled to life's holier shade,  
 Changing the sceptre for the peasant's spade  
 Perchance a monarch on his throne to-day,  
 To-morrow, what? a hermit lone and grey,  
 Asking of heaven in penitence to pray }

And such was he whom time could never wrong,  
 (His name would sanctify the weakest song),  
 Who left high Lambeth's venerable towers,  
 For his small heritage and humble bowers,  
 Conscience and faith his guide—and what if now,  
 Taking the mitre from his aged brow,  
 (Crowds round his knees, and many a frown'd  
     cheek,

And glist'ning eye, that seem'd indeed to speak  
 Better than language, seeing him depart,  
 In the meek sorrows of a silent heart  
 Soft gentle deeds, blossoms of love, that hung  
 Ever around him,—could they want a tongue?  
 Tears too from childhood, and the words that call,  
 'Father and Friend'—were heard alike from all  
 Gently he pass'd beside them, with a meek  
 Temper'd with hope and fortitude serene,  
 Not deem him unattended with a train  
 Of more sublime emotions, free from pain  
 Of doubt or fear,—like an unclouded day  
 Upon the golden hills in endless ray,  
 A well-spring in his heart without decay, }

As one who knew that god a home had made  
 For those he cherish'd, in the humblest shade  
 Now with his staff, on his paternal ground,

Amid his orchard trees he may be found    &  
 An old man late return'd, where he was seen  
 Sporting a child upon the village green  
 How many a changeful year had pass'd between, }  
 Blanching his scatter'd hairs—yet leaving there  
 A heart kept young by piety and prayer,  
 That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell, }  
 “ Be not for me afflicted—it is well  
 For in my great integrity I fell  
 ’Twas in my great integrity I made  
 The choice that sends me to my native shade ” }

Lo! Themis hall!—there the coif’d serjeant  
 draws  
 Through winding eloquence the Norman laws  
 Yet Justice there, severely kind, repairs  
 The widow’s wrongs, and dries the orphan’s tears  
 Leans with delight on Eldon’s honour’d name  
 (So wise his counsel, so mature his fame),  
 And owns (forgot the breath of public rage)  
 The more than Hardwicke of a later age  
 Time-honour’d thou shalt be!—and though thy  
 years  
 May now speak no continuance, and the fears  
 Of good men hang around thee—though a line,  
 Written by me, shall meet no eye of thine  
 Yet will I in my gratitude, thy name  
 (Oh! that my verse were lasting, and that fame  
 Went with it), unto all in praise proclaim }  
 While others speak thee, wise and learn’d, of

Aibites, such as England seldom saw  
(Mute silence list'ning, and each dubious plea,  
Taken by reason to thy firm decree)  
Statesman and sage—a better, I will lend  
A higher title still—the generous friend

The summer sun is set—dark autumn shrouds  
His dripping pinions in the southern clouds  
Thro' the pale woods the showers of foliage sweep,  
And the rough surge is whitening all the deep  
Now round the social fire, and steaming urn,  
O'er fragrant cups the studious lamp we burn,  
O'er dream of days (ah! why should fate deny)  
Long days beneath Ausonia's golden sky  
On Mincio's banks, at shut of evening hours,  
The bee is sleeping in his ark of flowers  
Past are the Julian hills—and lo! the plain  
Spreading by soft Adeste's green domain  
Now with the shepherd on Soracte's brow,  
Gazing the marble city, now below,  
Where Tiber's pale and silent waters flow  
With nicest taste our evening banquet glows,  
From the rich flask old Gascon's vintage flows  
And though the stars are set, we still prolong  
The cheerful converse and instructive song,  
With many a tale the friendly feast refine,  
And jest that sparkles in the flowing wine  
Yet ours to scorn the foul insatiate stain  
Insidious Circe, and her siren train  
Chaste are the guests the timid muses bring,  
And chaste as crystal dew, Apollo's spring

Thus pleas'd we hail our W-lm-t's gifts reſin'd,  
 So bright his numbers, and ſo pure his mind  
 Gentle and good ! if greater praiſe there be  
 O! more enduring, it belongs to thee,  
 Accompliſh'd W-lm-t !—thy ſerene eye  
 Unmov'd beholds each tempting pleaſure nigh  
 Far from the fears that ſofter minds await,  
 With the ſweet muſe and ſounding lyre elate  
 Oh, eloquent of ſong ! whoſe dawning ray  
 Now burns and brightens into pure day,  
 Not thine the lover's flower-encircled chain,  
 Long years conſum'd at beauty's feet in vain,  
 Deluſive hopes, and pleaſure's laughing train }  
 Not thine the Teian blooms, the Lesbian wreath,  
 Bedew'd with wine, and rich with beauty's breath,  
 Charms not thine ear the ſweet Provençal tale,  
 Nor Aino warbling down the Etrurian vale,  
 Young love in vain his myrtle wand ſupplies, }  
 In vain her ſpells the ſoft enchantieſs tries,  
 Though the bright ſhaft is wing'd with light from }  
                     B-g t's eyes

We read alternate, and alternate hear  
 Songs that might win attention's choiceſt ear,  
 Rich with the ſpoils of all Caſtalia's dew,  
 And truths that haughty Athens only knew  
 Thoſe tragic ſtrains, worthy the Delphic ſhine,  
 Of Thebes, and Pelops' race, and Troy divine,  
 And not unheard the ſurge's midnight roar }  
 Breaking on the proud ſolitude, that bore [shore  
 The warrior's wounded cries from Lemnos' rocky

Cruel Leucadia ! and ye winds that sweep  
 Round every Grecian isle, and hallow'd steep !  
 Why mourn'd ye not, when injur'd beauty gave  
 Her glory, and her genius to the wave,  
 Why heard unmov'd the immortal notes expire,  
 The burning breath of love, the ætherial song of  
 fire !

Each mystic spring that feeds the Aonian well  
 Is ours—the music of Cyrene's shell,  
 Or that, the later lay thou lov'st, that told  
 Of those brave kings, and of the fleece of gold,  
 Then plows to Phasis turn'd, ploughing the  
 Euxine old

Gazing the wondrous barque,—the Centaur band  
 Shaken huge manes, and stamp the oozy strand,  
 Loud conchs are sounding from each mountain cave,  
 And through the glittering woods barbaric lances  
 Or if the Dorian reed delight thine ear, [wave  
 The shadowy vales, and wild birds warbling near  
 The sparkling streams that down their channel  
 shine,

The murmur of the bee, the whispering pine,  
 And sun-gilt cliffs purpled with many a vine,  
 Sweet violet banks beside the silver wave,  
 And fountains flashing from their rocky cave  
 While satyr-forms, and sounds of sylvan feet  
 Pass by, and nymphs flying with sandals fleet

Leave Phasidamus, and the stream that shines  
 Of old Anapus, and the murmuring pines !

And let the Syracusan shepherd sleep  
 Where through cool grots the glancing waters leap !  
 Now wake the harp that Chios loved to hear  
 In his lone caves, (no doubtful legend fear)  
 When Time himself was young—by Meles' stream  
 An old blind man was sitting, while a gleam  
 (It was Apollo's) lit his cheek, and young  
 And old around in mute attention hung,  
 Ionian girls were with him as he sung,  
 Each with her lover, and with lips apart  
 All stood, and breathless, and with beating heart  
 Gods ! 'twas a witching tale !—of heaven-built

Troy

And bight-hair'd Helen, and the shepherd boy  
 From Ida's shores, and how the billowy tide  
 For her he clost, and beckoning to the bride,  
 ' Come to green Ida's pines, my couch is there'  
 he cried

Beautiful Helen ! by thy shepherd's cave  
 Ah ! wilt thou dream with me of Simois' farrer  
 wave ?

And leaning on thy lover's bosom say,  
 While round thy feet its sparkling waters play,  
 " For ever, gentle stream, ah ! here for ever stray " }  
 Then did the minstrels of the house lament,  
 As from her bower the queen of beauty went,  
 Went, gliding with soft footstep, and unseen,  
 Fled with her lover o'er the ocean green.  
 And he who home returning, in his gate  
 Found sorrow, and a hearth all desolate ;



Disgrac'd by her he lov'd—forsaken—left,  
 Of all the treasure of his heart bereft,  
 O'er her pale statue (she was imag'd there,,  
 •E'en in his hall) gazing with mute despair,  
 Her damask'd chambers of their mistress bare,  
 Her handmaids weeping round,—with tearful eye,  
 He knew the nuptial bowen, and left it with a  
 sigh

Then the red beacons wav'd their beards of flame,  
 Then o'er the deep the mailed warriors came,  
 Breathing revenge—"disgrace he brought, and  
 shame,  
 To the Atridæ—a dishonour'd name "  
 Pale Asia trembled, as the kindling strain  
 Woke the fierce war, and shook the ensanguin'd  
 plain,

The battle bled—Scamander roll'd with gore —  
 What shades are moving on the moonlight shore?  
 Who waits expectant of her lord's return  
 In the Argive halls? what festal torches burn?  
 Alas! yon broken armour, and an urn,  
 Is all she holds—all that is left to tell,  
 Beneath barbaric spears the flower of Hellas fell  
 Break off!—for time is list'ning to the lay,  
 Heard from the syen shores, along the bay  
 Of green Parthenope—the later theme  
 Immortal, sung by him in mystic dream,  
 Whose marble seat is still on Aino's shelving  
 stream

The song is clos'd — See Nature's darling laid  
 An infant yet, in Avon's classic shade  
 Hark ! his wild notes are floating down the vale,  
 Like blossoms scatter'd in the summer gale  
 I mark thy hand each latent thought refine,  
 Stamp with the seal of truth the Delphic line,  
 O'er Fletcher's song bid new-born Pity weep,  
 And wake the Muse of Shuley from her sleep  
 Oh, friend ! as oft I hail thy taste refin'd,  
 Thy gentle manners, thy congenial mind,  
 Those studious hours that leave no page un-  
     known,

Of all that Rome or Athens call'd their own,  
 Thine the fair flowers on Tiber's banks that smile,  
 And thine a wreath from each Ægean isle,  
 With many a violet mix'd from Britain's gothic  
     pile,

Secure of fame, thy future path I see,  
 And mark another Parnell rise in thee.

Farewell ! e'en now I leave, where Thames's wave  
 His lucid mirror spreads by St John's grave,  
 (Yon little hamlet, once a vulgar name,  
 Lives in the lines that mark the statesman's fame  
 And studious he each nobler grace to blend,  
 At once the senate's strength, the poet's friend)  
 For my lone woods I quit the insatiate throng  
 (The child alike of sorrow and of song),  
 And still the same, as when I wander'd pale

By far Sorento's cliffs, and Soiga's vale,  
 Or when Ardennes' green forests saw me roam  
 Then leafy glens, nor wish a fairer home  
 Ah! then, St. Hubert! who so pleas'd as me,  
 Wandering at will, beneath thy forest tree;  
 Or where the antler'd herds at early dawn  
 Graze the green wealth of many a flowery lawn,  
 Or list'ning in thy chapel, legends old  
 Of the brave knight, and of the spoils of gold,  
 By the grey Sacristain in mystery told  
 Yet what if time around my temples pour  
 Its lenient dews, a sweet exhaustless store,  
 And Nature, to regain what grief may part,  
 Spread the fresh tide of feeling round the heart?  
 Fled is the Morn of Life! yet left me still,  
 The vale secluded, and the whispering rill  
 Content amid the silent woods to hear  
 Soft falls of water murmuring in the ear  
 View the wild flowers then fragrant bells untold,  
 Spread the small leaf, and ope their cups of gold  
 Round the still pool the martlet's wing to see,  
 To mark the linnet warbling from the tree,  
 Or to his nectar'd hive watch home the yellow  
     bee  
 Or now at Eve, from the tall mountain's crest,  
 Catching the purple splendours of the West  
 Yon level length of shore—the headland grey,  
 Far seen—and many a barge and pinnace gay,  
 With flag and flashing oar moor'd in the golden  
     bay

Pass'd is the spangling shower—well pleas'd I had  
 The emerald bow that seems to span the vale  
 Through the still meads then oft my steps are seen,  
 Where the small hamlet spreads its straggling green,  
 Its little orchard plot—the smiling field,  
 Mid tufts of auburn foliage half conceal'd,  
 (The Leveret's haunt) yon bank of yellow bloom,  
 And the sweet odours of the trefoil bloom,  
 And not unmark'd the Naiad's hand that leads  
 Her winding waters through a thousand meads,  
 (While more remote, where the low hills extend,  
 Bright purple heaths and russet fallows blend),  
 For there the humble virtues love to rest  
 Secure, and shelter'd in the peasant's nest,  
 Like the sweet tenants of the hive, they dwell,  
 Gentle companions of the poor man's cell  
 Pleas'd memory tells, how warm his bosom  
 glow'd

For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd,  
 While the small mite, in love, in pity given,  
 Touch'd by his hand, became a gem in Heaven

Uplift the latch that opes the matron's door,  
 Though low the roof and scanty be her store,  
 Yet meek content, and patient labour there,  
 Spread the small couch and eat their evening fare  
 Safe, where no ills molest, no cares invade,  
 Watch'd by the genius of the rural shade,  
 And when that sleep (such monarchs seldom knew)

Has bath'd them in its soft celestial dew,  
 Rise from their rest (ere the blue morning break  
 From the fresh heaven, or early breezes wake,  
 Scattering the glist'ning drops from off the thorn,  
 O list'ning in the copse the hunter's horn),  
 And duly as the sun, and day by day,  
 Head the same path through life's unwearied way,  
 Their frugal virtues wisdom's eye admires,  
 Where prudence guards what industry acquires  
 The glassy brook—the bee-hive at the door—  
 The golden sheaf—the garden's fragrant store,  
 Their little wants supply, they ask no more }  
 While leisure loves in these sequester'd bowers  
 The soft oblivion of the silent hours  
 And are there not who oft have cried in vain,  
 "Ah, give to me my russet weeds again!"  
 See, bending o'er her wheel with patient care, }  
 Her cheek just shaded by her nut-brown hair,  
 Content the cottage maid is singing there }  
 How fresh for her the vernal zephyr blows!  
 For her how fair the purple morning glows!  
 Her's the green earth in all its beauty given,  
 And her's the bright transparent dome of heaven  
 Tired nature rests—the sun declines his rays,  
 Round the warm hearth the evening fagots blaze  
 Stretch'd by the cheerful fire, the genial board,  
 They wish not Russell's wealth, nor Gideon's  
     hoard  
 Nor envy they, by summer fountain laid,  
 The lords of Chatsworth, or of Ragley's shade

Wandering I see at twilight's gentlest hour  
 The lights that linger on the village tower,  
 Watch the soft clouds then faery lustre leave,  
 Like isles, that gem the emerald sky of eve,  
 Catch every changing hue, the amber fold,  
 Bright ruby gleams, and lakes of floating gold,  
 Refulgent tints, that mimic art defy,  
 And spread a nobler purple down the sky  
 Now o'er the vale descends a darker hue,  
 (The distant mill-sail lessening to the view)  
 And where the grange its garners broad extends,  
 Forest and field a lengthening shadow blends  
 I pass the woodman on his homeward way,  
 The lowing kine, the sports that close the day, }  
 When all the budding groves are green in May, }  
 Catch from the distant fold the tinkling bell,  
 In the still evening heard -that seems to tell, }  
 ' Ye vales and uplands grey a long and last fare- }  
 well !'

Studios of song ! 'tis thine with ease to blend  
 Learning with mirth, the instructor and the friend  
 'Tis thine to point the page where taste presides,  
 Where wit enlivens, and where genius guides,  
 To show the knowledge deep, the judgment clear,  
 The varying fancy sportive or severe  
 With curious toil (nor mean the praise) to trace  
 Each finer harmony, each latent grace,  
 Recall the wanderings of a thoughtless age

To Spenser's song, or Shakespeare's bolder page,  
Mark each connecting chain, each deep design,  
And pour fresh lustre on the glowing line ;  
With just remark refine the poet's lays,  
And give the critic's art a higher praise  
Touch'd by no meaner hand, so pleas'd I see  
The wreath that Gifford wore, descend to thee

Come then, alike in converse grave or gay,  
Speed the swift hours, and share the social day,  
Leave the huge city's throng, the tumult loud,  
Absolved of care, and sacred from the crowd  
(Thy hand the Muses' various gifts inspire  
To dip the pencil, or to wake the lyre,)   
Aid me to wind my banks, direct my shade,  
Slope the green lawn, or roll the broad cascade,  
Collect the flowers the cultur'd garden yields,  
And glean the soft instruction of the fields,  
Paint with new light the mountain's frow'd brow,  
And wake the genius of the flood below  
With calm desires and gentlest wishes blust,  
Here mayst thou choose of nature's gifts the best  
Thine is the laurel shade—the chesnut bowel,  
When summer glows beneath the noontide hour  
'The vernal walk is thine—the soften'd scene,  
Sweet evening lights, and golden skies serene,  
The fresh airs moving o'er the mottled sea,  
And Hesper's fragrant lamp, that burns for thee

Calm leisure waits thee here—not thou disdain

Our humbler annals, and inglorious plain,  
 Once to these silent woods young Milton came, }  
 (The site, the shade now consecrate to fame) }  
 Time holds not in his hand a more immortal  
                     name.

Then was the hour when with exulting spring,  
 Youth lent to Genius all its fiery wing,  
 When Fancy roam'd the rich creation free,  
 A line, a word---was immortality  
 In all the wealth of Plato's mind array'd,  
 When science wooed him in the olive shade,  
 He came---the friend in converse sweet to cheer,  
 (Waking the memory of each youthful year,  
 When, ere the lark had sung, at matin tide,  
 Building high thoughts, in converse side by side,  
 Oft by the early shepherd they were seen,  
 On old Damœtas on the dewy green)  
 Sure in that little Tusculum to find  
 The ripen'd wisdom of a scholar's mind  
 The first his young enamour'd feet to lead  
 By many a flowery rock and haunted mead,  
 Wet with Castalian dews---each bold design }  
 Urging, till now along the steep divine, }  
 He caught the gleam of Phœbus' golden shine }  
 Heard round its gates the hallow'd laurels wave,  
 And sound of choral fountains warbling in their  
                     cave

Behold ' not far remov'd, yon elmy vale,  
 Whose branching foliage screens the mossy pale,



There the last refuge of his exiled woes,  
The village pastor's humble dwelling rose,  
Who far from worldly cares, from worldly strife,  
Watch'd the calm sunset of his closing life -  
Fix'd in these sheltering vales his peaceful seat,  
Amid the silent blessings of retreat,  
Pleas'd 'mid his books, his fold, his farm to stray,  
And pass, as Tully pass'd, the approving day  
Or him the lov'd of Earth—the sent of Heaven,  
To whom the knowledge of its will was given,  
Guide of the wanderer—teacher of the blind,  
Well was he call'd—the Wisest of Mankind

Ah, mark, with reverence mark, each willowy glade,  
Each wild-wood walk where oft the poet stray'd,  
His favourite path beneath yon hawthorns green,  
Where the small glow-worm's emerald lamp was  
seen,

Star of the earth—of eve!—yon bank of flowers,  
Detain'd him musing through the noontide hours,  
And still the traveller points the green retreat,  
The crystal waters and the Muses' seat,  
There would he watch the morning's dewy beam  
Tremble with silver lustre on the stream,  
Or view, as the mild shades of evening blend,  
The orb of glory to his couch descend  
And oft before his youthful eyes there came  
Bright gleams, the Aurora of his future fame,  
He felt the gale that blew from Mars's hill,  
He heard the murmurs of Ilissus' rill

Gaz'd on each marble shine, each sacred fane, }  
 Fresh rising (thus it seem'd), and that lov'd plain, }  
 Where Athens saw her own Minerva reign }  
 Genus of Greece! what sounds his ear invade,  
 Breath'd by thy lips from Delphi's depth of shade!  
 How roll the kindling numbers soft or strong,  
 In all the awful majesty of song  
 What voice prophetic sounds from Cilla's cave!  
 How sweet the warbling of the Thespian wave!  
 Lov'd Amymonè! and ye gales that bring  
 The silver drops to pale Pyrene's spring,  
 Shook from your lucid plumes!---ye linger'd  
                   there,

Waking soft echoes from the listening air  
 While o'er each twilight vale, and haunted grove,  
 Young Fancy's hand its wild embroidery wove,  
 Flung o'er the earth, a light immortal given,  
 And hung with flowery bieder the purple zone of  
                   heaven

Him by far Deva's banks the Muses found  
 (Then favourite haunt) of Severn's western bound,  
 Musing on Merlin's art (his earliest theme),  
 Of Uther's son,—then by the shadowy stream  
 Of Trent or Tamar, visions strange would be  
 Of ships from Troy, ploughing the British sea  
 First from Kent's chalky headlands the salt tide  
 Dividing, were green Ida's oaks espied,  
 Bound for th' old giant's isle—anon they past  
 The shore, and Brutus' colours on the mast

Then (twilight dreams) would fable fancy cell  
Of the dark talisman, the potent spell,  
And dwarfs, an elfin crew, around the sorcerer's  
cell,

Of fragrant groves, with mystic garlands hung  
Of viewless harps on high (tales yet unsung).  
Tall steeds caparison'd, and knights afield,  
The glittering scutcheon, and the emblazon'd shield,  
The trumpet wailing o'er the warrior slain,  
(Like him who fell on Fontarabia's plain,  
The peerless chief long wept in many a poet's  
strain )

There the rich doors their ivory valves unfold,  
Forth issuing many a knight and emu old,  
And broider'd castans shine, and garments stiff  
with gold

Crossing the sunny cove, with glancing sail,  
There flits the fairy pinnace down the gale  
Round the tall prow the sparkling waves behold,  
The silken cordage, and the cloth of gold  
Child of the sea!—the mantle and the ring,  
And the bright sword proclaim the Armonic king!  
There, touch'd with light the rich pavilion gleams,  
Where the green forest's pensile foliage streams  
Stretch'd on the ground the weary falconers lie,  
Gaze-hound, and horn, and bleeding quarry }  
          nigh,                                 [on high]  
And mantling on his perch the hooded hawk }  
Sweet forms were seen, and voices down the glade,  
Tapestry and lute, on moss and wild flowers laid,



The tapers glare amid the yellow groves,  
 Then the low requiem's heard,—the prayer to save,  
 And holy symbols mark the Christian warrior's  
                  grave

Such were the pictur'd shadows that around  
 Bright fancy scatter'd on the enamell'd ground  
 From her rich urn—feeding the poet's mind  
 With visionary spells and truths refin'd,  
 And prescient of his future fame, bestow'd  
 The aspiring thought, and breath'd the words  
                  that glow'd

Perchance by Harewood's tangled groves, or now  
 Musing upon the solitary brow  
 Of that dark rock, shadowing Sabrina's cave,  
 Her lily-paved banks, and pearly wave  
 And, lo! rose other forms to meet him there,  
 The enchanted wood, the gentle lady fan,  
 The wizard's crystal glass, and that delusive  
                  chair

J MILFORD.

*Benhall, Sept 1, 1832*

## NOTES

P iv *Anna's grave*] Parnell married Miss Anne Minchin  
See his Life

P vi *Mordaunt been*] Since this poem was written, this accomplished actress has again delighted the stage, by (on-  
descending to reappear on it I may say, with Sw ft, in al-  
lusion to my own premature lament,

‘ His worship is bit  
By that rogue Nisbitt ’

No actress ever received so much commendation from the  
lyric as Mrs Oldfield, all Parnassus conspired to praise her  
The ashes of Siddons’s fame are fortunately placed in a  
poet’s hand

P x *Love and beauty nigh*] Lady Russell sat by her  
husband’s side during his trial, and acted as his amanuensis

‘ That sweet saint who sat by Russell’s side ’

*Rogers’s Human Life*

P xii *great integrity*] These were the words that Arch  
Sancroft addressed to his chaplain on his death-bed He  
retired to a small patrimonial farm at Fressingfield, in Suf-  
folk, where he died, and where his monument is erected

P xiii *Adestes’ green domain*] Is an expression, I believe,  
of Mr Whitehead, the Laureate, but I speak from memory

P xvi *Beautiful Helen*] A person of great authority, but  
whose name is too venerable to be mentioned, affirms that  
there never were but *five* women who were perfectly beautiful,  
and that there never will be a *sixth* They are—Semiramis  
—Helen—Cleopatra—Diana of Poitiers—No one else

close Thus France has the glory of furnishing two I do not dare to reveal my authority, but refer to a book called *Gallerie de l'Ancienne Cour ou Memoires*, &c — requesting timid readers to forbear from searching more deeply into the subject The death of the beautiful Louisa de Budes, wife of Henry, first constable of Montmorency, who died in 1599, has thrown a melancholy suspicion on the *manner* in which *remarkable* beauty is acquired, and the tenure on which it is held

P xvi *Then did the minstrels*] See the Agamemnon of Æschylus, *προφῆται*, has been translated 'minstrels.'

P xvii *marble seat*] The marble chair, on which Dante sat, is not (I think) now at Florence

P xviii *little hamlet*] Lord Bolingbroke is buried in the church of Battersea, where he lived in the later years of his life, and died of a long and cruel disease—a cancer in the face Dr King wrote a poem on his Lordship's sickness from France, in which, after comparing him to *Lil*, he says,

'The vulturs ran, as to unusual show,  
When he to Paris came, and Fontainebleau,  
Viewing the blooming minister desired, &c

Oh! all ye nymphs, while time and youth allow,  
Prepare the rose and lily for his brow  
Much he has done, but still has more to do'

Strange compliments these! to those who knew his lordship's character

P xiv *St Hubert*] The legend of St Hubert is familiar to most persons (I presume), from the engraving of A Duer's picture The relics of St Hubert are venerated among the peasantry of the Ardennes, and are considered efficacious in the cure of canine madness I was detained there by the Belgian police, and narrowly escaped a long imprisonment, having penetrated too far in search of the Picturesque

P xxiv *young M'Carthy*] Milton visited his old tutor, Thomas Young, who then resided at his Vicarage-house,

at Stowmarket, in Suffolk, after his return from Hamburgh  
See Milton's Latin letter to him, poem, &c

P xxvi *ships from Troy*] See Milton's Hist of England,  
and the old Chroniclers, Britain was called the island of the  
Giants

P xxvii *fahling fancy*] These and the following lines are  
merely rude sketches of some of the favourite and familiar  
subjects of books of chivalry and old romances, which (it is well  
known) formed one branch of Milton's study in his youth

P xxvii *Armor c King*] Amadis de Gaul

P xxviii *tables*] The old game of 'tables' is supposed to  
be draughts, or backgammon, I forget which of the two

P xxix *the enchanted wood*] Alluding to Milton's Comus,  
a poem showing at once his classical taste and romantic studies  
The five years of study which Milton passed at his  
father's house in Buckinghamshire, laid the massive founda-  
tion of his immense and well arranged learning, and fed  
his youthful genius with the richest and most select stores of  
poetry Italy certainly beheld with astonishment, but with-  
out envy, the accomplished scholar and poet, from whose lips  
she heard the language of Tiber and Arno, as musically and  
correctly as from her own



## THE LIFE OF PARNELL,

BY THE REVEREND JOHN MITFORD

I AM sorry, that it is not in my power to spread before the admirers of Parnell, some richer stores of biographical anecdote nor do I know where I could refer them to more copious sources of information. I am not aware that any materials were collected by his friends or contemporaries, certainly no life of him was composed. For the little knowledge of the poet which we possess, we are indebted to Goldsmith, the elegance of whose narrative, and the justice of whose criticisms has been long acknowledged, but the facts which he collected were so few, that Dr Johnson, who went to Goldsmith's life for information, has included his account of the poet, both personal and literary, in the narrow space of four pages. Perhaps it would have been as well, in the absence of fresh information, to have republished the life written by Goldsmith, but as that was not consistent with the plan of the present work, and as I have picked up a few gleanings relating to Parnell's domestic history unnoticed by others, I shall endeavour to lay before my readers as full an ac-

count as I can give of the circumstances in his life which have come down to us, adding a few observations on the poems which he has left. I am afraid that it is now too late to supply by any diligence of inquiry, what the negligence of his contemporaries omitted to record. Had we been permitted to know more, we should certainly not have contemplated a life chequered by vicissitude, or variegated by incident, but we might have derived some information from tracing the line of his studies, and observing the progress of his knowledge, nor would it have been uninteresting to have watched the gradual refinement of his taste, and taken a nearer survey of those social virtues and captivating qualities of mind, which rendered his acquaintance desirable, and secured to him the cordial friendship of Hailey and Pope. As it is, we must be content to know that Parnell added the pleasing qualities of a companion, to the elegant invention of the poet. "When the poet's fame, as Goldsmith says, is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition, the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour."

Thomas Parnell was descended from an ancient family<sup>1</sup> that for some centuries had been settled at

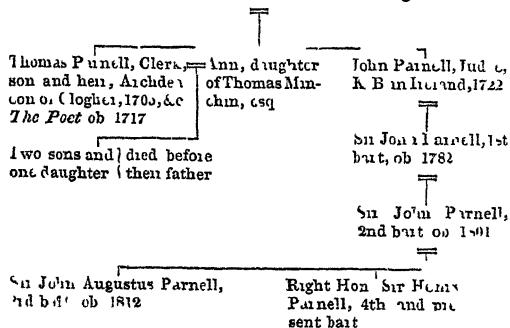
<sup>1</sup> For the following pedigree of our poet, I am indebted to the kindness of Sir Harris Nicolas, who refers me to

Congleton, in Cheshire His father, Thomas Parnell, was attached to the Commonwealth party, and at the restoration went over to Ireland, where he purchased a considerable estate, which, with his property in Cheshire, descended to our poet

Parnell was born in Dublin, in 1679, and was educated at the school of Dr Jones in that city, he is said to have distinguished himself by an extraordinary quickness of memory, which enabled him in one night to complete a task that was intended to confine him many days, and it is said that he could repeat forty lines of any book after the first reading It is probable that this account

Playfair's British Family Antiquity, vol ix p cxxii in the absence of better authority, and who observes that of Irish baronets very little is known

Thomas Parnell, member of a family long resident at Congleton, county Chester, purchased an estate in Ireland, temp Charles II and settled in that kingdom



N.B. Nothing is said of the family in O'Brien's 'The Poet'

though overcharged, may be in the main true, a ready memory is not always retentive, and the system pursued in the education of schools has of necessity a greater tendency to sharpen the faculty of seizing and collecting facts, than to bestow that generalizing and philosophical power by which they are arranged and preserved. The verses which he learned with so much facility were probably as quickly forgotten. The almost instantaneous rapidity with which some actors on the stage have been known to remember and repeat passages of great length,<sup>1</sup> is hardly more astonishing, than the shortness of the time during which the fleeting impressions remained upon their mind.

Goldsmith says, that his admission at the age of thirteen into the college at Dublin is a proof of the early maturity of his understanding. His compositions shew the extent and solidity of his classical knowledge. He took the degree of Master of Arts on the 9th July, 1700, in the same year he was ordained a deacon by William, Bishop of Derry, having a dispensation, by reason of his being under the canonical age. About three years after he was ordained priest, and in

<sup>1</sup> See a remarkable instance of this power of rapidly seizing long passages, in the anecdotes of La Mothe's life. Voltane was reading a tragedy to him,—La Mothe accused him of plagiarism, and instantly repeated the whole of the second scene of the fourth act, which he had just heard, to confirm the accusation. See *Galerie de l'ancienne Cour*, &c. vol. 11. p. 223.

1705, Sir George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Clogher. At this time he married Miss Ann Minchin,<sup>1</sup> a young lady of more than usual beauty, and of great merit, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter who long survived him.

Being the son of a Commonwealth's man, it might naturally be expected that Parnell would have embraced the principles and politics of the Whigs, but he was persuaded, by motives with which we are not acquainted, to change his party, and in the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Whigs went out of office, Parnell was received by the new ministry 'as a valuable reinforcement.'<sup>2</sup>

When Lord Oxford was told that Parnell waited among the crowd in the outer room, he went, by the persuasion of Swift, with his treasurer's staff in his hand to inquire for him,<sup>3</sup> the dedication

<sup>1</sup> Dr Johnson calls her *Mrs Anne Minchin*,—at what time did the title 'Miss' supersede 'Mrs' for young unmarried females? the young ladies of the Lizard family (see the *Guardian*, 1713) are called *Mrs Mary*, *Mrs Betty*, &c yet 'Miss' is sometimes used, Perhaps, the play-bills would give the period of change with the most exactness. Would it not be as well to revert to the old custom, and confine the use of 'Miss' to ladies of a certain character, giving to chastity and virtue a graver and weightier title — 'Hæ nugæ in seria ducunt'

<sup>2</sup> See Johnson's life, p. 50

<sup>3</sup> "Have you nothing new to day,

From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay,"

is a couplet put by Swift into Lord Oxford's mouth (Hor

of Pope seems to prove that he was admitted as a favourite companion to the convivial hours of the minister, and that even the business of office was delayed, when the treasurer wished to indulge in the delight of the poet's conversation <sup>1</sup>

“ For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Pleased to forget the statesman in the friend ”

While Parnell remained in London, he often preached in the different churches of the metropolis, Johnson speaks of this as arising from his vanity or ambition, did he, a sincere and zealous churchman, forget that preaching was one of the chief duties of Parnell's profession, and that he imparted moral advice and religious instruction, through the only channel which was open to one who possessed no parish of his own. Parnell preached to attentive audiences chiefly in the city and about Southwark, and his eloquence and knowledge made him popular. The queen's death however precluded any hopes of preferment from the interest of his Tory friends, and Johnson

lib ii s 6 imitated) See Parnell's Posth Poem on Queen Anne's Perce, p 202 for the highest Eulogy on Lord Oxford

<sup>1</sup> In Swift's letter to Lord Oxford for correcting, &c the English Tongue, he says, ' All your other virtues, my lord, will be defective without this your affability, candour, and good nature. That perpetual agreeableness of conversation so disengaged in the midst of such a weight of business and opposition,' &c *Miscellanies*, 1 p 224

more than hints, that his religious zeal cooled, in proportion as his prospects of advancement closed. I do not, however, think that we have a right to adopt an opinion, perhaps hastily advanced, and which leads to so unfavorable a construction of our poet's conduct.

About this time he had the misfortune to lose his wife,<sup>1</sup> and in the great disappointment of his hopes, and dejection of spirits which followed, Pope represents him as having fallen into some intemperance of wine.<sup>2</sup> Pope and Swift were not

<sup>1</sup> Swift, in his journal to Stella, Aug. 24, 1712, says, 'I am heartily sorry for poor Miss Parnell's death, she seemed to be an excellent good natured young woman, and, I believe, the poor lady much afflicted, they appeared to live perfectly well together.'

<sup>2</sup> In the first MS. Memoranda of Pope's conversation, as preserved in Spence's Anecdotes, Pope is made to say,—'that Parnell is a great follower of dreams, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries,'—this was omitted in the transcript. Spence probably thought it not correct. It is somewhat singular, as the Editor of Spence observes, that the same charge of dram-drinking has been brought against Pope himself, in King's Anecdotes of his Own Time, p. 12, 'Pope hastened his death by feeding much on high seasoned dishes, and *drinking spirits*.' See Spence's Anecdotes, p. 139. Ruffhead, on the authority of Warburton, has given a different account of the cause which led to Parnell's intemperance. When Parnell had been introduced by Swift to Lord Treasurer Oxford, and had been established in his favour by the assistance of Pope, he soon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in was popular preaching, he had talents for it, and began to be distinguished in the mob-places of Southwark and London,

lovers of the bottle, though the former did not dislike the delicacies of a luxurious table, perhaps he has mentioned a little too strongly this weakness of his friend, certain it is, that Parnell did not lose the respect of society, or the attachment of his patrons, for Archbishop King, at the request of Swift, gave him a prebendal stall in 1713, and in May, 1716, presented him with the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, worth about four hundred pounds a year<sup>1</sup> He did not, however, long live to enjoy his preferment and prosperity, and died at Chester in July, 1717, in his thirty-eighth year, while on his way to Ireland, and was buried at Trinity Church in that town

His estate devolved on his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, whose father was younger brother to the

when the Queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects, and at a juncture when he found preaching to be the readiest road to preferment This fatal stroke broke his spirits, he took to drinking, became a sot, and soon finished his course' See Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p 492, who says that Pope gave the above account to Warburton, much difference exists between Pope's own account of his friends, and the characters of them, which Warburton subsequently gave as Pope's, see an instance of this in Johnson's Life of Rowe

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be some error in the value which the biographers of Parnell have placed on this living, for Swift in his 'Vindication of his Excellency Lord Carteret,' speaks of him as bestowing on Mr James Stafford the Vicarage of Finglass, worth about *one hundred pounds a year* This was written in the year 1730 I have no doubt but that Goldsmith's valuation is erroneous, for Swift seems to doubt, whether his own Deanery was worth more than four hundred pounds a year



Aichdeacon, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland No monument marked his grave, but his epitaph has been written by Johnson

Hic requiescit Thomas Parnell, S T P  
 Qui Sacerdos pariter et Poeta  
 Utrasque partes ita implevit,  
 Ut neque Sacerdoti Suavitas poetæ  
 Nec Poetæ Sacerdotis Sanctitas deesset <sup>1</sup>

Such is the small amount of facts which has been preserved relating to the poet I must now borrow from Goldsmith's narrative some account of his mental qualities and habits, for which the biographer was indebted to the information of his father and uncle while I just mention, that if the account given is correct, the poems of Parnell do not form a clear transcript of his mind, nor could we, through the veil of their light and graceful gaiety, discern the feelings of a person whose passions were so strong, and whose life was an unfortunate alternation of rapture and agony I shall leave to others to explain how far such violent and unrestrained habits were compatible with his delightful qualities as a companion,

'With sweetest manners gentlest arts adorn'd'

but it is said, that he knew the ridicule which his strongly contrasted character <sup>2</sup> excited, though he

<sup>1</sup> Boswell's Johnson, vol iv p 51

<sup>2</sup> In his preface to Homer, p xxxviii Pope says, 'I must add the names of Mr Rowe and Dr Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose GOOD NATURE (to give it a great panegyric), is no less extensive than his learning'

could not soften or subdue the impetuous feelings that formed it

“Parnell,” says his biographer, “by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, *who knew him*, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever much elated or depressed, and his whole life spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions only affected himself, and never those about him, he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions as well at his vexations as his triumphs.

“How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connexions and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party.<sup>1</sup> The wits at that time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer’s good sense, to disclaim his

<sup>1</sup> Parnell was well acquainted with Bolingbroke, see the poem called *Queen Anne’s Peace*, 1713 (*Posth. Poems*, p. 219).

‘ ——— I fly with speed,  
To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read  
And so p. 233

private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics, but it was then otherwise. The Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and those retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve, at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. Parnell was a friend to both sides, and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions that are noisy for the time and ridiculous to posterity. Nor did he emancipate himself from these without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a commonwealth man, his Tory connexions on this side of the water gave his friends in Ireland great offence; they were much enrag'd to see him keep company with Pope, Swift, and Gay, they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wondered what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the treaty of Utrecht, and disliked the Duke of Marlborough."

His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing. The letters which were written to him by his friends are full of compliments upon his

' These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,  
A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends,' &c

And the poem on the different styles of poetry is dedicated to him, and also contains high praise of him.

' Oh! Bolingbroke! O favourite of the skies,' &c

See also the extracts from Swift's Journal, when the acquaintance had ripened into intimacy.

talents as a companion, and his good nature as a man. Pope was particularly fond of his company, and seems to regret his absence more than the rest. The letters which he addressed to Parnell will be read with interest, they bear ample testimony of his affection, and show that Pope knew and respected Parnell's acquirements as a scholar.<sup>1</sup> From one of the letters it appears, that Parnell assisted him in the translation of the Scholiasts and Commentators<sup>2</sup> on Homer, a task afterwards more fully performed by Jortin. Pope's scanty and superficial knowledge of Greek must have made this assistance of great value, nor am I aware that the translator of Homer numbered among his friends, another scholar of equal acquirements.<sup>3</sup> Gay, as Goldsmith observes, was obliged to him on another account, for being always poor, he was not above receiving from Parnell the copy-money which the latter got for his writings.

<sup>1</sup> Warton, vol. viii. p. 301---313, vii. 299.

<sup>2</sup> See Pope's Letters (Warton's ed.), vol. viii. p. 276, Let. LXXXVIII. 'The first gentleman who undertook the task of making extracts from Eustathius, and who grew weary.' Was this person Parnell, or some one else, whose name has not reached us?

<sup>3</sup> In the Posthumous Poems (Elysium) he gives a wrong quantity to Laodamia, p. 268,

'Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial right,' &c.

which perhaps he took from Dryden's Ovid, who uses the word Deidamia, with the penultimate syllable short.

## MR POPE TO DR PARNELL

Dear Sir,

London, July 29

I wish it were not as ungenerous as vain, to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day, upon your inhuman silence—I call it inhuman, nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill, as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best natured men alive neglects me. Or if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you that both Mr Gay and myself have written several letters in vain, that we are constantly enquiring of all who have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true, as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplores of your absence, and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us. We have lately had some distant hopes of the dean's design to revisit England. Will not you accompany him? or is England to lose every thing that has any charm for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction.

I have once been witness of some, I hope all of your splenetic hours, come, and be a comforter

in your turn to me in mine I am in such an unsettled state, that I can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year Whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart, as would enrich a monarch could he know where to find it I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you with what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me, and Mr Ford is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions, to you on my part They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot If you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me I can say no more, but that I love you, and am, in spite of the longest neglect or absence,

Dear sir, yours, &c

Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath my father and mother never fail to commemorate you

TO THE SAME

Binfield, near Oakingham

Dear Sir,

Tuesday

I BELIEVE the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue so there. I very much fear both for your health, and your quiet, and no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either, than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping that your business may not be unsuccessful for your sake, and that at least, it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your business may depend upon another, my business depends entirely on you, and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time the more I love, the worse I can spare you, which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you, to let me have you back the sooner. The minute I lost you, Eustathius, with nine hundred pages, and nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose to my view. Spondanus with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings), and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes' two, Voltane's three, Cupeus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius three parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than them all) Aulus Gellius, all these

rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head ache Dear sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good natured man, but as you are a Christian and a Divine, come back speedily and prevent the increase of my sins, for at the rate I have began to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all who come after me To be serious, you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so, (though never so much as since I knew you in best health here,) but you have wrought several miracles upon our family, you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate papists of a clergyman of the church of England Even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and for ought I know, would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man and loves his master In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you must know how precious my time is at present, my hours were never worth so much money before, but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works You are a generous author, I a hackney scribbler, you are a Grecian and bred at a university, I, a poor Englishman, of my own educating You are a reverend pair,



son, I a<sup>g</sup>wag, in short, you are Doctor Parnelle (with an e at the end of your name), and I your most obliged and affectionate friend and faithful servant

My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Aibuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, Gay of Devon, I expect him down with you

## TO THE SAME

Dear Sir,

I WRITE to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good will and friendship, with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and cannot think myself absent when I feel you so much at my heart. The picture of you which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together. My head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Litcomb, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me. I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do, as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such men as you (that is divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reason-

able creature capable of Gay's play among the rest has cost much time and long-suffering, to stem a tide of malice and party, that authors have raised against it. The best revenge against such fellows is now in my hands. I mean your Zolus, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem Batiachom for you seem by the first paragraph of the dedication to it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account, and this as soon as possible. Inform me also on what terms I am to deal with the bookseller and whether you design the copy money for Gay, as you formerly talked what number of books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any thing to be altered in this whole piece, *in the poems you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me*. The story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I don't say this to the prejudice of the rest but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion, in regard to Mr Ward, whose verses have been a great pleasure to me, I will continue they shall be so to the world, wherever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own Madrigals, which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give (which I'll beg your's and the Dean's acceptance of) you must look on me no more as a poet, but a plain commoner who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity

I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you I desired our friend Jervas, (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship and unalterable esteem, I am, dear Sir, most entirely,

Yours, &c

TO THE SAME

My dear Sir,

I was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs Bonner's In the summer I wrote a poem, and in the winter I have published it, which I sent to you by Dr Elwood In the summer I eat two dishes of toad-stools of my own

gathering, instead of mushrooms, and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it, as I must bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damsels, in the winter I told lies to ladies. now you know where I have been, and what I have done. I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer, I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint, don't let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent teased you with three or four letters, but having no answer, I feared both yours and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote, but for the same reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you, which next to seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction to your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

J. G

TO THE SAME

Dear Mr Archdeacon,

THOUGH my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with the good company

both for our dinner of chops, and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way. I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites, and though few, you will guess must have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He is so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvass as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr P—— should omit to write for the dear frogs, and the Perigrilum, I must entreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas. Remember by what neglects, &c we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those tiffers that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a

Serviteur très-humble,

C JERVIS

It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time of day, especially by

an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have with my good friends remembered you at our table, in the chophouse in Exchange Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's. I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by walking the streets, that he is ready to set up his equipage. He is just going to the Bank to negotiate some exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays his second volume of his *Homer* till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean, fumus Tuius, I can say no more.

ARBUHNOI

WHEN a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above writing. Their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth (after the manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning), and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c till time, place, and con-

venient, I concur to set them a writing, as at present, a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle

Wherein if I should say nothing I should say much (much being included in my love, though my love be such, that if I should say much, I should say nothing, it being (as Cowley says) equally possible either to conceal or to express it

If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again, the next is, to see here your treatise of Zoilus, with the *Batrachomyomachia*, and the *Perrigulum Veneris*, both which poems are master-pieces in several kinds, and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort, as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand which raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scare-crow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcass of Zoilus, to the terror of the writings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other subjects will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am, faithfully, your most affectionate and humble servant,

A POPE

TO THE SAME.

Dear Sir,

I MUST own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of, the Dean and you but you have several who complain of your neglect in England. Mr Gay complains, Mr Haicourt complains, Mr Jervas complains, Mr Arbuthnot complains, my Lord complains, I complain (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon) Some say, you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs, others, that you are so much in the Archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm, you have quarrelled with Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him, on account of his satirical and comical disposition), others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinions of the ingenious Mr What-do-ye-call-him. Some think you are preparing your sermons for the press, and others, that you will transform them into essays, and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow you is, your attention to the life of *Zorlus*. The frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that Doctor is cursed and



hated, who introduced their species into your nation, therefore, as you dread the wrath of St Patrick, send them hither, and rid your kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals

I have at length received your poem out of Mr Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint I shall, in the mean time, give Mr Tooke a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces, Mr Gay's new farce, Mr Burnett's letter to Mr Pope, Mr Pope's Temple of Fame; Mr Thomas Burnet's Gumble on Mr Gay, and the Bishop of Salisbury's Elegy, written either by Mr Cary or some other hand *Mr Pope is reading a letter, and in the mean time I make use of the pen, to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you* I find success, even in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of a scribbler, for I, for my what-d'-ye-call-it, could neither escape the fury of Mr Burnet or the German Doctor, then where will I age end, when Homer is to be translated? Let *Zorlus* hasten to your friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more I am in hopes that we order our affairs so, as to meet this summer at the Bath, for Mr Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither You shall preach, and we will write lampoons, for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a terræ filius of Oxford to be expelled I have no

place at court, therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every where, show that I have a place in your remembrance

Your most affectionate faithful servants,

A POPE and J GAY

Homer will be published in three weeks

DR PARNELL TO MR POPE

I AM writing to you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you, that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours, then we speak ill of happier studies, and sighing, condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.

My Zolus, which you used to write about, I finished last spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here

before your book was out, imagined it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word

I have here seen the first book of Homer, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you *may*, if you please, give them thanks who wait it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours, but what surprises me more is, that, a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense, such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken), to be a cool and serious proposal, the translating what you call *ablutions* by the word *offals*, and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to show I always have you at heart

I am &c

POPL TO LORD OXFORD

My Lord,

Oct 21, 1721

Your lordship may be surprised at the liberty I take in writing to you, though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me

that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder, I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but I own, I have an ambition still farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing the few remains of his. I have a strong desire to make them, then author and then publisher,<sup>1</sup> more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which is at least as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which I dare say you'll receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt whether you will care for any such addition to it. All I shall say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not, for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time. After all if your lordship will tell my Lord Hailey that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppres-

<sup>1</sup> Lintot paid to Pope the sum of fifteen pounds for Parnell's Poems, 13th of December, 1721. See Nicholls's Liter. Anec. vol. viii. p. 300.

sion of these verses, (the only copy whereof I send you) but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect with which I am always,

My Lord, your, &c

## THE EARL OF OXFORD TO MR POPE

Sir, Brampton Castle, Nov 6, 1721

I RECEIVED your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory, for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then, how much shame did it cause me when I read your very fine verses enclosed? My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship, and delicate pen would partially describe me, you ask my consent to publish it, to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr Pope, *Dr Parnell*, Dean Swift, the Doctor,<sup>1</sup> &c I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the

<sup>1</sup> Aibuthnot

only error you have been guilty of I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship where-with I am your, &c

From these letters, says Goldsmith, we may conclude, as far as their testimony can go, that Parnell was an agreeable, a generous, and sincere man, indeed, he took care that his friends should always see him to the best advantage, for when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, returning, he retreated with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired,—from many of his unpublished pieces which I have seen, and from others which have appeared, it would seem that scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, and scarce a mountain round his head unsung “I can easily, (says Pope, in one of his letters,<sup>1</sup> in answer to a dreary description of Parnell’s) I can easily image

<sup>1</sup> This fragment of a letter is not to be found in Pope’s correspondence as published in Dr Warton’s edition I should therefore suppose that Goldsmith possessed the MS which has not been preserved I may here remark, that Pope’s correspondence is not published in Warton’s edition with the correctness or completeness that could be desired How far the late editors may have supplied his deficiencies,

to my thoughts the solitary hours of your elemental life in the mountains, from something parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield!" and in another place "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows, but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the south are to be preferred to the deserts of the west" In this manner Pope answered him in the tone of his own complaints, and these descriptions of the imagined distresses of his situation, served to give him a temporary relief, they threw off the blame from himself, and laid upon fortune and accident, a wretchedness of his own creating"<sup>1</sup>

Parnell's situation was rendered more unskome by some mortifications which he might have avoided, he could not live without company when in Ireland, and yet he despised or neglected a society so inferior in cultivation of mind and polish of manners to his English friends Those whom he met at Lord Oxford's table, and Pope's library made him fastidious of humbler connexions, he did not exercise his arts of pleasing, the complaints he uttered against his situation were not relished by persons who lived contentedly around him, and who considered his reproaches as reminding them of an

I am not able to say, but a new and more perfect edition of Pope's works is much to be desired Who so able to give one, as the Athenæus of the present age, the accomplished author of the *Curiosities of literature*, &c

<sup>1</sup> Goldsmith's *Life*, p. 117

stenority which they were not willing to confess, nor perhaps able to appreciate, in fact, as his biographer observes, "he sacrificed for a week or two in England a whole year's happiness, by his country residence at home." Yet who ever exchanged the fascinations of a society in which the polished graces and gentle benevolence of manner were united with refined learning, and the various acquirements of a cultivated taste, for a lower *grade* of life, without feeling how much easier it would be to pass at once into perfect solitude, and how sensitive in that delightful and artificial atmosphere the mind becomes to the slightest shock, or rude breath that it meets with in its altered intercourse with the world.

As his fortune was handsome, and his disposition liberal, his manner of life was elegant and even splendid. He had no great value for money, and indeed he so far exceeded his income, as to leave his estate somewhat impaired at his death. As soon as he collected his rents, he went over to England, where the friendship of Pope<sup>1</sup> always received him with open arms, and where the wit and good humour of Gay and Arbuthnot, and the fascination of Bolingbroke's society, repaid him

<sup>1</sup> In addition to Lord Oxford, — Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Jervas, were the persons to whom Parnell was more particularly attached, his general society I presume to have been much the same as Swift's, and what that was, may be seen in the Journal to Stella.



for his weary months of solitude at Clogher or Finglas.

About this time Pope and his friends had formed themselves into a society which they called the Scriblerus Club, of which Parnell was a member. It appears from some MS anecdotes left by Pope, that Parnell had a principal share 'in the origin of the sciences from the monkeys in Ethiopia'.<sup>1</sup> The life of Zolus was intended as a satire on Dennis<sup>2</sup> and Theobald, with whom the club waged eternal war.

The life of Homer prefixed to the translation of the Iliad was written by Parnell, and corrected by Pope, who assures us, that this correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff, (he says) and was written still stiffer, as it is, I verily think it cost me more pains in the correcting, than the writing it would have done." That Parnell's prose, as Goldsmith says, is awkward and inharmonious, and that Pope would have written in a style more elegant and polished, may be well believed, but I question whether Pope

<sup>1</sup> The origin of the sciences from the monkeys of Ethiopia was written by me, Dean Parnell and Dr Arbuthnot

*Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 201

<sup>2</sup> Dennis's self-conceit, vanity, and envy, certainly deserved a heavy castigation. His preface to his Comical Gallants is a most extraordinary production of egotism and impudence, while the play itself is a mass of dulness and stupidity. The learning of Theobald might have shielded him from contempt.

with his imperfect learning would have ventured on an original life of Homer, and whether it was not safer to leave it in Parnell's hands. Every page of Pope's Homer shows equally his poetical genius, and his want of scholarship. I have no doubt that he set a high value on Parnell's assistance, and that it was of essential service to him in understanding his author, but no assistance of friends, learned enough and anxious to assist him, could supply his own deficiencies in classical taste and knowledge, Pope was never wanting in vigilance and industry, he consulted the commentators as to what was difficult or doubtful, and he borrowed from the former translators when they were happy and successful in their expression; but he never caught the manner, or imbibed the spirit of his original, for he had never studied the language in which it was written<sup>1</sup>. I consider Pope's

<sup>1</sup> The difficulties attending a translation of Homer exist, though in a graduated scale, in the attempts to reflect in our language the style and character of the other Grecian poets. These principally arise from the different structure, and great inferiority of our language, by which a translator is placed between two difficulties. He must either endeavour to raise his poetical language to the power of the original, and emulate through the dull and *hoary* medium of the Gothic, the transparent and crystal beauty of the Greek, which will lead him, as it did Pope, to superfluous and perhaps cumbrous embellishment, or if he attempts, like Cowper, to give a *fac-simile* of his original, he will find his own inferior language unable to support him,—what was plain, with him will become flat, the simple will be naked and bald,

general alteration of Homer's style to be a much greater fault, than the mistakes which he made in the meaning of particular passages. If I may so express myself, he was attempting to follow and imitate the flight of the Grecian poet, without possessing the same variety of movement, or equal flexibility of wing. 'Perhaps the greatest charm, (says a critic<sup>1</sup> of much taste and knowledge) of the most sublime of all the ancient poets, is a *variety and discrimination of manner* and character in which Shakespeare is his only rival.' The friends of Pope were men of wit and humour, of admirable genius, and extensive information, but with the exception of Parnell and of Arbuthnot, he had no one to whom he could apply for information on subjects of Greek literature and they were all so dazzled with the splendour of his trans-

and the venerable and *patriarchal* majesty of the Grecian bard will descend from its illustrious elevation, to sit on the steps of the throne which it had once dignified and adorned. Pope's Homer, like Dryden's translation of Virgil, is exceedingly valuable as an *English* poem, in them united, is to be found, every curious modulation of rhythm, and every beautiful variety of expression that our heroic metre admits. Pope somewhere mentions that injudicious friends, for ten years, persecuted him with the most importunate persuasion to give a new translation of Virgil. What accurate estimation of his own powers, and what respect for Dryden, was included in the silent and steady refusal.

<sup>1</sup> See Mr Uvedale Price's essay on the Mod Pronoun of the Anc Languages, p 186.

lation, and so delighted with its many acknowledged beauties, that they were more willing to expatiate on its merits, and unfold its charms, than compare it with an original which they themselves imperfectly understood. In addition to this, and speaking without any affectation of pedantry, a classical simplicity of taste was no more the characteristic excellence of that time, than solid and extensive learning. Amidst the general shout of approbation, old Bentley's sarcastic growl was heard with indifference or contempt, but Bentley was the only one among them who had studied or understood the subject of dispute, what he said was strictly true, it was not the effusion of envy or mean detraction. the bard of Twickenham was no rival of his, nor was Bentley ever unjust, where solid attainments or splendid talents could claim respect. He did not detract from the merits of Pope's translation as a poem, he did not enter into the subject of its original beauties, but he said it was not Homer, and he was right.

To return to Parnell, Goldsmith mentions that the Scriblerus<sup>1</sup> Club, when the members were all in

<sup>1</sup> The memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus rose from a happy thought, and were happily executed. They were the flower of that wit, and humour, and sagacity, of which the Dunciad was the strong and bitter root. In the editions of Pope, this part of his works does not seem to me to be faithfully edited. There is a chapter called "Anus Mirabilis," which should precede 'Stradling versus Styles,' that is omitted. The chapter called The Double

town, were seldom asunder, and often made excursions on foot, into the country. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord B——, who is still living, and whose seat is about twelve miles from town.<sup>2</sup> As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved upon his arrival to choose the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the mean time Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse arrived at Lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprized his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep him out of the house, but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it. As soon therefore as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was dispatched

Mistress has been translated, altered, and enlarged, the humour destroyed, and much gross ribaldry and vulgar indecency introduced by Pigault Le Brun, in his *Mélanges Littéraires et Critiques*, vol. II. p. 73--144, called *Cause Célèbre*, he has *cantharadized* the story, Warton is not consistent in his omissions, if they were regulated by an attention to decency and propriety.

<sup>2</sup> By Lord B——, I presume, is meant Lord Bathurst. He had at that time a seat, or villa, somewhere beyond Twickenham, which he subsequently relinquished. v. *P 16, Lett. to Swift*, liv.

to inform him that the small pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field bed at his service at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest was feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him, and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

Goldsmith considers that the Scriblerus<sup>1</sup> Club began with Parnell, and that his death ended the connexion, if so, it was not of very long continuance, for Parnell's first excursion to England began about the year 1706, and he died in 1718.

From his long residence in Ireland, and from little of his correspondence having been preserved, Parnell has not been known as he deserves, nor is his name so familiar to us as that of many others of the friends of Pope, but he seems to have yielded to few of them in talent or acquirement, to none

<sup>1</sup> I suppose it to be generally known, that the name "Martinus Scriblerus" took its rise from a joke of Lord Oxford's, who used to call Swift, *Dr Martin*. The poem of the *Dunciad* was suggested to Pope by Swift. See Swift's Letters, vol. xii p. 440. "The taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread, and therefore I had reason to put Mr Pope on writing the poem called the *Dunciad*, and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity, by telling their names at length," &c

in the more valuable virtues of the heart. It is said, that the festivity of his conversation, the benevolence of his heart, and the generosity of his temper, were qualities that might serve to cement any society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. In his later years, domestic sorrows so preyed on a nervous and excited mind, as to drive him from solitude, and he sought even in common and promiscuous company a temporary oblivion of his affliction. That he fondly cherished the remembrance of the estimable partner of his life whom he so early lost, seems to be a fact known to his friends and acknowledged by his biographers, but that he fell a martyr to conjugal fidelity (as Goldsmith asserts), may be received with some moderate limitation. Our materials<sup>1</sup> are too scanty and imperfect to enable us to determine what was the exact cause of Parnell's death, which took place before his fortieth year, but from the passages in Swift's Journal, I should think it not improbable that he died of a slow nervous decline.

Perhaps it would be as well to insert, in this part of the narrative, the mention made of him by Swift while both were resident in London, and when the

<sup>1</sup> Johnson is reported to have said "Goldsmith's Life of Parnell is poor, not that it is poorly written, but that he had poor materials, for nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drank, and lived in social intercourse with him." *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, ii p 163

latter zealously introduced him to the notice of the ministry Parnell, however, gained nothing by his powerful connexions, but a few dinners and compliments from Lord Oxford, and some poetical criticisms from Mr Secretary St John, his preferment he owed entirely to the faithful and persevering friendship of the Dean

Swift, in his Journal to Stella, July 1, 1712, writes—‘ On Sunday Archdeacon Parnell came here to see me It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife’s death, and has been two months at Bath He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuaded him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him, but I doubt he won’t have spirit to go ’

On the 22d December, of the same year, he says—‘ I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell’s I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to Lord Treasurer, who liked it as much And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar’s length Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas day, and I made Lord Treasurer promise to see him, and it may one day do Parnell a kindness You know Parnell, I believe I have told you of that poem ’

Dec 25 I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke’s, and he behaved himself very well, and Lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him



Dec 30 He (Lord Oxford) cannot dine with Parnell and me, at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow, but says he will see Parnell some other time. I praise up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh

Dec 31 To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him shew all the places he disliked, and when Parnell has corrected it fully, he shall print it

Jan 6, 1713 Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I, dined by invitation with my friend<sup>1</sup> Dartineuf, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily, and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly passed for any thing in Ireland, makes his way here with a little friendly persuading

Jan 31 I contrived it so, that Lord Treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself on making the Ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the Ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and *shall* be out soon

Feb 14 I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door, my heart misgave me

Feb 19 I was at court to-day, to speak to Lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it

<sup>1</sup> See Pope's Tra of Hor. Lib 11 S 2 ver 87

is collected, and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too.

Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days.

March 6 I thought to have made Parnell dine with him (Lord Treasurer) but he was ill, his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy.

March 9 I dined with my friend Lewis, and the Provost, and Parnell and Ford were with us.

March 20 Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way.

March 27 Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed, but poetry sells ill.

April 1 Parnell and I dined with Daintineuf to-day, after dinner we all went to Lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him, but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one Païson Trapp's, upon the peace.

April 21 I dined at an ale-house with Parnell.

and Berkeley, for I am not in humour to go among the ministers

*Swift's Letters*, vol. xi p. 259

April 30, 1713

I suppose your Grace has heard that the Queen has made Dr Stone Bishop of Down, and that I am to succeed him in his Deanery Dr Parnell, who is now in town, writ last post to your grace, to desire the favour of you that he may have my small pibend. He thinks it will be of some advantage to come into the chapter, where it may possibly be in my power to serve him in a way agreeable to him, although in no degree equal to his merits, by which he has distinguished himself so much, that he is in great esteem with the ministry, and others of the most valuable persons in this town. He has been many years under your grace's direction, and has a very good title to your favour, so that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter and I flatter myself that his being agreeable to me will be no disadvantage to him in your grace's opinion.

May 23, 1713 You will find a letter there (at Bath) as old as that, with a requisition in favour of Dr Parnell, who, by his own merit, is in the esteem of the ministers here.

*From Gay.* June 8, 1714

I am, this evening, to be at Mr Lewis's with the Provost, Mr Ford, *Parnell*, and Pope

*From Dr Arbuthnot* June 12, 1714.

I remember the first part of the *Dragon's*<sup>1</sup> verses was complaining of ill usage, and at last he concludes,

He that comes not to rule, will be sure to obey,

When summoned by Arbuthnot, Pope, *Parnell*, and Gay *Parnell* has been thinking of going chaplain to my Lord Clarendon, but they will not say whether he should or not

*From Dr Arbuthnot* June 26, 1714

I have solicited both Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke strongly for the *Parnelian*, and gave them a memorial the other day Lord Treasurer speaks mightily affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in ecclesiastical preferments

*From Lord Bolingbroke* July 13, 1714

Indeed I wish I had been with you, with Pope, and *Parnell*, *quibus neque animi candidiores* in a little time perhaps I may have leisure to be happy

*From Dr Arbuthnot* July 17, 1714

I was going to make an epigram upon the im-

<sup>1</sup> i e Lord Oxford's

agination of your burning your own history with  
a burning glass I wish Pope or Parnell would  
put it into rhyme

*From Charles Ford July 20, 1714*

Pope and Parnell tell me you design them a  
visit When do you go? If you are with them  
in the middle of the week, I should be glad to meet  
you there

*From Dr Arbuthnot*

The *Parnelian* who was to have carried this  
letter, seems to have changed his mind by some  
sudden turn in his affairs, but I wish his hopes  
may not be the effect of some accidental thing  
working upon his spirits, rather than any well  
grounded project

*From Swift December 2, 1736*

You began to distinguish so confounded early,  
that your acquaintance with *distinguished men* of  
all kinds was almost as ancient as mine, I mean  
Wycheley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, *Parnell*, &c

*From Sir Charles Wogan to Swift 1732*

Let not the English wits and particularly my  
friend Mr Pope (whom I had the honour to bring  
up to London from our retreat in the forest  
of Windsor, to dress à la mode, and introduce  
at Wills's Coffee House) run down a country as

the haunt of dulness, to whose geniuses he owns himself so much indebted. What encomiums does he not lay out upon Roscommon and Walsh in the close of his excellent Essay on Criticism? How gratefully does he express his thanks to Dr Swift, Sir Samuel Gaith, Mr Congreve, and my poor friend and neighbour Dr Parnell, in the preface to his admirable translation of the Iliad, in return for the many lights and lessons they administered to him, both in the opening and the prosecution of that great undertaking?

*Pope to Gay* 1714

Dr Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged), your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses. Homer shall support his children. I beg a line of you, directed to the Post House in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

*From Pope to Gay* (without date)

The ill effects of contention and squabbling, so lively described in the first Iliad, make Dr Parnelle and myself continue in the most exemplary union in every thing. We deserve to be worshiped by all the poor, divided, factious, interested poets of this world. As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not conde-

scended, to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week. I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable front of black-brow'd Jupiter, and become an awful nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty proposition of the Doctor, or enforce a criticism of mine own. In a word, Young himself has not acquired more tragic majesty in his aspect by reading his own verses, than I by Homer's. In this state I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous, trifling, bulesque you write about Dr Parnelle joins also in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

*From Pope to Gay*

Dr Parnelle will honour Tonson's Miscellany with some very beautiful copies at my request. He enters heartily into our design. I only fear his stay in town may chance to be but short.

*Pope to Jenkins 1716*

Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here, longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full possession of the British laurel. And we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets as well as the croaking of our flogs to yourselves, in *sæcula sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans would come hither, especially that swan, who like a true modern one, does not sing at all. Dr Swift

*Pope to Jarvis*    November 1716

The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is, by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean and Dr Parnelle. Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore. He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more, unless *Parnelle* sends me his *Zoilus* and *Bookworm* (which the Bishop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols), &c

*Pope to Jarvis*

Having named the latter piece (*The Batrachomachia* of Homer), give me leave to ask what has become of Dr Parnelle and his *Frogs*? '*Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,*' might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine, while I have such *meorums* as Dr Parnelle and Dr Swift. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St Patrick, to the end you may be obliged (as Dr Parnelle was when he translated the *Batrachomachia*) to come into Eng-



land to espy the frogs, and such other vermin, as were never seen in that land since the time of that confessor ' *Pope to \* \* \** 1718i

This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these Poor Parnelle ' Gaith, Rowe ' you justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last *Parnelle* was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can *What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it* I'd fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin, and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c

*From Dr Arbuthnot* 1714

Martin's (i.e. Martinus Scriblerus) office is now the second door on the left hand in Dove Street, where he will be glad to see *Dr Parnelle*, Mr Pope and his old friends, to whom he can still afford half a pint of claret

Having now mentioned the facts which have come down to us, relating to Parnell's life, and which were chiefly obtained by the inquiries and researches of Goldsmith,<sup>1</sup> I shall pass on to a short consideration of his poems His biographer, whose

<sup>1</sup> Goldsmith was indebted for his information to Sir John Parnell, the nephew of the poet, to Mr and Mrs Rogers, his relations, and to his good friend, Mr George Stevens

opinion on subjects connected with poetry, must be received with the attention due to so great an authority. gives the following favourable character of Parnell's talents, it is written with discrimination and truth, but that the allusions which he makes in strong disparagement of those who adopted a different style, of more elaborate structure, and more ornamental language, appear to me to derive their severity from something that acts more strongly on the mind than a mere difference of taste. This is not the place to enter into the consideration of the question, but while I am persuaded that the expression 'tawdry things,' cannot with any propriety be applied to the poetry of Gray or Collins (the persons whom Goldsmith had in his mind), I believe that their rich and ornamented style, their selected phraseology, their profuse imagery, and metaphorical splendour to be the proper and essential constituents of the lyrical style in which they wrote, and that there are grounds sufficient, as respects either poet, to assure us, that they were not ignorant of the manner of expression that was required by the subject on which it was employed. The criticism of Goldsmith seems also to press too strongly into an opinion which cannot be received, that there is only *one* style of superior and undisputed excellence, and that others are faulty in proportion as they depart from it. I know of no poet of any eminence contemporary with him to whom the biographer can allude, but those I mentioned, except

that the younger Walton may, perhaps, be added to the number, and though I am aware of the difference that exists between these writers in the respective conceptions of their subjects, in their taste and genius, still in its application to any of them, I consider Goldsmith's criticism to be pushed far beyond the bounds of truth, and, in some parts of it, to be entirely erroneous

'Parnell (he says) is only to be considered as a poet, and the universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school, that had modelled itself on the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him, and he found the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute. to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blessed with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire, in writ-

ing which, the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection, when the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarcely tell why. Our poet on the contrary gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand. He is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course, the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his couplets are pleasing. He found it at that period at which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement, and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions and the hairiest constructions, vainly imagining that the more their writings were unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning, are willing to praise, to show they under-

stand. From these follies and affectations, the poems of Parnell are entirely free, he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression. Such are the observations of Goldsmith, I shall now proceed to a more particular enumeration of our Poet's productions

"Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman"<sup>1</sup>—It would be difficult to praise too highly the ease, the sprightliness, and the fine poetical taste of this poem, the subject is treated in a manner the most lively and agreeable, the versification is polished and musical, the images delicate and well selected, a vein of humour at once elegant and rich pervades the whole. It approaches more closely to the manner of Pope's Rape of the Lock than any poem with which I am acquainted. It has the same cadences, the same structure of lines, even the same expressions, and I consider it to have been much indebted to him for the high finish of its colours, and the exquisite beauties of its diction. This is not said in any disparagement of Parnell's powers, but I believe it to be acknowledged, that Pope took infinite pains in the revision and alteration of Parnell's poems. In speaking of the Hermit, Goldsmith says,<sup>2</sup>—"It seems to have cost great labour

<sup>1</sup> This Poem was first published in a Miscellany of Foulson's, which I do not happen to possess.

<sup>2</sup> See Goldsmith's Beauties of Eng. Poetry, l p 29, and Swift's Journal to Stella, Dec 23, 25, 1712 Jan 6, 1731, Feb 19, 1712-3, where it appears that Swift gave Parnell hints and corrections for his poems.

both to Mr Pope and Mr Parnell himself to bring it to this perfection " Upon the whole, this poem will fully justify the assertion of Hume,<sup>3</sup> at least that part of it that regards our poet " It is sufficient to run over Cowley once, but *Parnell*, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first "

Of the three songs which follow, Goldsmith says that two of them were written upon the Lady whom he afterwards married There appears some reason to suppose that the first, " When thy beauty appears," was composed by Pope, for it is mentioned as his by Lord Peterborough, in a letter to Mrs Howard \*

The Anacreontic, " When Spring came on with fresh delight," is said to be a translation from the French Goldsmith thinks that it is better than the original The well known song that follows it, " Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine," is a translation of a poem by Augustinus

Invitat olim Bacchus cœnum suos,  
Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem, &c

Parnell, in his translation, applied the characters to some of his friends, no mention is made in Pope's edition, of its being a translation indeed the latter part is entirely Parnell's

The " Fairy Tale " must rank among the most successful of our poet's productions ; the language

<sup>3</sup> See Hume's Essay on Simplicity and Refinement

<sup>4</sup> See Suffolk's Letters, vol 1 p 161

is simple and clear, the verse easy and natural, and the story appropriate to the style Goldsmith says "it is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language"

The "*Perigilium Veneris*" is translated in easy and flowing versification, though too paraphrastic, yet few persons perhaps would have transferred its beauties more successfully, for the delicacy, and select brevity of its expression, would baffle any attempt to exactness of imitation. In one or two places, Parnell appears to me to have missed the meaning, as

*Quando faciam, ut Chelidon, ut taceat desinam?*

When shall I sing, as the swallow is now singing?  
When will *my* spring arrive, '*quando vel veniet  
meum*?' Parnell however writes thus,

How long in coming is my lovely spring,  
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?

In the *Batiachomumachia*, Parnell has preserved the mock dignity of the original, without ever stepping beyond the limits of a just propriety. The great defect of his version arises from his not having translated the Greek names of the combatants, which are formed with considerable humour, and this omission renders the English poem comparatively flat.

I am not sure whether the critics have decided as to the time in which this burlesque poem was written, or how they have accounted for its having

borrowed the venerable name of the father of poetry, but I will just mention that there is one passage in it, which at once precludes it from being the production of the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, unless an interpolation by a later hand should be suspected

“ Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,  
Till cocks proclaim’d the crimson dawn of day ”

There is no mention of this bird in Homer, probably it was not known till the return of the army of Alexander, who brought the Indian Jungle fowl home with them from the East, and domesticated them in Europe

The Epistle to Pope,<sup>1</sup> Goldsmith says, is one of the finest compliments that was ever paid to any poet, he hints at Parnell’s description of his residence in Ireland being splenetic and untrue and says that this poem gave much offence to his neighbours, who considered that they could supply him with learning and poetry, without an importation from Twickenham

The translation of some lines in the Rape of the Lock into rhyming Latin verse, was owing to the following circumstance Before the Rape of the Lock was finished,<sup>2</sup> Pope was reading it to Swift,

<sup>1</sup> Johnson says, “that the verses on Barrenness, in the poem to Pope, are borrowed from Secundus, but he could not find the passage

<sup>2</sup> I rose from a late perusal of the *Lutrin* of Boileau,



who listened attentively, while Parnell went in and out of the room appearing to take no notice of it. However, by dint of his good memory, he brought away the description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he versified, and on the next day, when Pope was reading the poem to some friends, he insisted that part of the description was stolen from an old monkish manuscript. Goldsmith says he was assured of the truth of this account, he adds, that it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.

The Eclogue on Health has the general merit of Parnell's poetry, musical versification and poetical language yet we occasionally meet with that which I suppose, it took Pope so much labour to improve, flat and prosaic expressions.

The Elegy to an "Old Beauty," has much of that spightfulness and graceful ease which Pope possessed, and which gave a lustre and worth to trifles. There is, however, a couplet in it, that seems to me to be defective, and wanting in con-

with a strong and pleasing conviction, not only of Pope's immeasurable superiority over the French poet, in poetical conception of his subject, in brilliant fancy, variety of character, elegance of allusion, but also in good sense, and truth, and adherence to nature, Boileau's ground-plot is mean, his sentiments strained, and his picture overcharged, he is struggling for an effect that his subject does not admit, nor his poetical powers enable him to supply.

struction, but I do not know how to rectify it, while the metre and rhyme are preserved,

“ But beauty gone, ’tis easier to be wise,  
As harpers better, by the loss of eyes ”

though it might be restored to its meaning, under the following alteration,

“ As harpers better *play*, by loss of eyes ”

The “ Book Worm ” is a translation from Beza, with modern applications

In “ The Imitation of some French verses,” I am rather surprised that Pope’s accuracy of ear, and correct taste, should permit such an imperfect rhyme to pass, as “ bliss and wish,” especially in those light pieces whose perfect finishing forms half their merit

The “ Night Piece on Death ” Goldsmith much admires ; and endeavours, yet apparently against his real conviction, to prefer to Gray’s immortal Elegy His praise is pared away by his caution, for he is

“ Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike ,”

and “ he supposes that, with very little amendment, it might be made to surpass all those night pieces and churchyard scenes that have since appeared ” Johnson’s<sup>1</sup> love of truth, not his partiality for Gray,

<sup>1</sup> In the eighth chapter of the Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith considers GRAY as having corrupted the purity of English poetry, and introducing a false taste by loading his lines with epithets English poetry, he says, like that in the

forced him into the confession, that Gray's poem has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiments <sup>1</sup> In another of his books, Goldsmith mentions this poem of Parnell with similar praise, but considers the versification unsuitable to the subject <sup>2</sup> There is, in truth, nothing which could entitle it to be raised into comparison with Gray's Elegy; but if Goldsmith had pointed out the inferiority of the third stanza in Gray's poem to the rest, and if he had even recommended its omission, I should have considered his criticism as formed

latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion, a string of epithets that improve the sound, without improving on the sense As a model of simplicity, he then proposes his *Hermit* Would Gray or Gay have written the following stanza?

‘ *Tu* in *a wilderness* obscure,  
   *I* he *lonely* mansion lay,  
 A refuge to the *neighbouring* poor,  
 And strangers led astray

Are there no epithets worse than useless here?

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be an oversight in not collecting the repetition of the word ‘glad’ in the concluding lines

“ See the *glad* scene unfolding wide,  
 Clap the *glad* wing and tower away,  
 And mingle with the blaze of day ”

<sup>2</sup> The great fault of the Night Piece on Death is, that it is in eight syllable lines, very improper for the solemnity of the subject Otherwise the poem is natural, and the reflections just In his Fairy Tale never was the old manner of speaking more happily applied, or a tale better told than this Goldsmith on *English Poetry*, p 418

upon juster grounds, and at least worthy of respectful attention

The hint for the Hymn to Contentment, Johnson suspects to be borrowed from Cleveland<sup>1</sup> The Poem to which he alludes is that beginning,

“Fair stranger! winged maid! where dost thou rest  
Thy snowy locks at noon! or on what breast  
Of spices slumber o’er the sullen night,  
Or waking whither dost thou take thy flight?”

it is impossible to say how ready Parnell’s habits of poetical association may have been to receive new impressions, or how quickly they may have kindled at the smallest spark, furnished by another’s genius, but I can perceive here no marks of imitation<sup>2</sup> Cleveland’s poem is not without its occasional beauties, but, as is common with that writer, they are strangely mixed up with unnatural conceits, harsh phrases, and low unpoetical allusions

The poem by which Parnell is best known, and which indeed is one of the most popular in our language, is the Hermit Pope speaking of it, says, “The poem is very good The story was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters” Goldsmith adds, that Henry More has the very same story, and that he has been informed by some, that it is of Arabian invention, if

<sup>1</sup> See Drake’s Essays on the Spectator, vol. iii p. 191

<sup>2</sup> This poem of Parnell’s, with his three songs, were inserted by Steele into his Poetical Miscellanies for Tonson, 1614

I have added, in a note,<sup>1</sup> the works of different authors, where, in my own very contracted line of reading, I have accidentally met with this fiction, and which shows it to have been more generally known, than Goldsmith or probably Parnell were aware<sup>2</sup> Johnson thinks that there is more *elaboration* in the Hermit than in the other poems of Parnell, which renders it less airy and pleasing

<sup>1</sup> 1 Herolt Sermones de Tempore et Sanctis, fol Num-  
bemb 1496 (Serm. lxx) 2. Gest. Romanorum, c lxx  
3 See Percy Herbert's Conceptions to his Son, 4to 1652  
4 H. More's Divine Dialogues, p 206, ed 1743 5  
Howell's Letters, iv 4 6 Lutherana (Eng Trans) vol ii  
p 127 7 Voltaire's Zadis vol i chap xx p 125, and  
see Beloe's Anecdotes, vol vi p 324 and Warton's  
Eng Poetry, vol i p cccv cclxvi, vol iii p 41 See also  
Br Mus MS Harl 463 fol 8 Fpities de Madam An-  
toinette Bouignon, Part sec Ep. xlii

Antonia who the Hermit's story fram'd,

A tale to prose-men known, by verse-men fram'd

W. Haute's Courtier and Prince

<sup>2</sup> In the first couplet of this poem, the word 'grew,' for 'liv'd,' is exceptionable, and there is an ambiguity of expression, in the lines

"To find if *books*, or *swans*, report it right,

(For yet by *swans alone* the world he knew,

Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),"

which might without much difficulty have been removed The word 'alone' has no reference to books in the preceding line, but to 'swans,' as distinguished from all other persons, when I wrote the above, I was not aware of the difficulty having been noticed in Boswell's Johnson, see vol iii p 418 At p 126 of Pope's ed of Parnell (The Flies, an Eclogue) "you *fenny* shade forsakes the vale," is a misprint for "ferny"

I hardly know whether this can be discovered, or if it is, whether it does not arise from the grave and more important subject of the narrative <sup>1</sup>

“ The compass of Parnell’s poetry (says a critic of genius and taste) is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful, not from mere correctness of expression, to which some critics have stinted its praises, but from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied his polished phraseology. The *curiosa felicitas*, the studied happiness of his diction does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves in its cultured state the natural fragrance of its wilder all ” <sup>2</sup>

In the observations which have been made on the poetry of Parnell, I have confined myself to those productions which were first published by Pope, and subsequently reprinted by Goldsmith, <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “ This poem (the Hermit) is held in just esteem, the versification being chaste and *tolerably harmonious*, and the story told with perspicuity and conciseness ” *Goldsmith’s Beauties of Eng Poetry*, vol 1 p 29

<sup>2</sup> See Campbell’s *Specimens of British Poetry*, vol 1v p 409

<sup>3</sup> Goldsmith added two poems to those in Pope’s volume, viz ‘ Piety or the Vision,’ and ‘ Bacchus ’ He says that they were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr James Arbuckle, and published in his *Hibernicus’s Letters*, No 62, but they were printed in the *Posthumous Works of Parnell*, 1758, p 213 277 Mr. Ni-

but in the year 1788, a large addition was made to our poet's works, in a volume called, "The Posthumous Works of Dr T Parnell, containing Poems Moral and Divine, and on various other subjects" They are described by the editor, as having been given by the author to the late Benjamin Everard, and since his death, found by his son among other manuscripts The receipt annexed in Swift's handwriting, shows that they are certainly genuine.

Dec 5, 1723

I have received from Benjamin Everard, Esq the above writings of the late Doctor Parnell, in four stitched volumes of manuscript, which I promise to restore to him on demand

JONATHAN SWIFT

Although these volumes were communicated to him by Swift, Pope<sup>1</sup> with admirable taste and judgment contented himself with revising and po-  
cholls collected some additional poems, which now appear among his works v Anderson's and Chalmers's Poets, &c , and Goldsmith mentions some unpublished pieces which he saw, besides others which had appeared *Life*, p xv

<sup>1</sup> Parnell has written several poems besides those published by Pope, and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation There are still *many more* that have not yet seen the light, in the possession of Sir John Parnell his nephew, who from that laudable zeal which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it injury *Life of Parnell*, p xxix See also Nicholl's *Select Poems*, vol iii. p 208—236

lishing the few pieces which Parnell had selected for publication Spence says,<sup>1</sup> "In the list of papers ordered to be burnt, were the pieces for carrying on the Memoirs of Scribbleus, and *several copies of verses by Dean Parnell* I interceded in vain for both As to the latter, he said, that they would not add any thing to the Dean's character " These might have been duplicates, or perhaps transcripts made by Pope from the manuscripts mentioned above Johnson says, "of the large appendages which I find in the last edition, I can only say, that I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whither they are going They stood upon the faith of the compilers " Of their authenticity, after what I have observed, no reasonable doubt can be entertained, but of the prudence of publishing what Pope, and indeed previously Parnell himself, had rejected from their acknowledged inferiority, an estimate can easily be formed; when we consider that probably no one has ever heard a passage or line quoted from the volume, or has deposited a single image or sentiment from it in his memory, while the former poems of Parnell are familiar to old and young, the delight of the general reader, and approved by the most refined judges of poetical merit Few men have the power of arriving at excellence, but by assiduous toil, and after repeated failures He who has attained the art of writing well, has pre-

<sup>1</sup> Spence's Anecdotes, p 290



viously written much that he would not willingly own, it is no disgrace to Parnell, to allow that these poems are the genuine production of his muse, they are not without some harmonious lines, and poetical passages, but there is nothing in them that can add a single leaf of laurel to his brow, who in his Hesiod, his Hermit, and his Fairy Tale, has given us poems that, in their kind, it would be very difficult to surpass in excellence. While some passages show marks of a mind habituated to poetical conceptions, while the ideas are well selected, and the expressions proper, others abound in flat prosaic lines, alike devoid of dignity of thought, or harmony of language. Sometimes there is considerable harshness in the phrase, and obscurity in the meaning, an inability of seizing the proper word and a want of skill in the management of the metre. The general character of these poems is a mediocrity that is never sharpened into energy, nor exalted into excellence. They show no vigorous application of thought, boast no refined variety of metre, and exhibit no skilful combination of musical numbers. They are not enriched with metaphorical figures, strengthened by antient idioms, nor spangled with brilliant and curious expressions. Nor do they possess that select and simple elegance, that happiness of language, expressing its thought, without weakening or encumbering it, which he subsequently attained. They are such as a well educated person could write.

without difficulty, and such as the authority of Horace has condemned without appeal

It would be invidious any longer to dwell on the defects of poems for which the author is not answerable, as he did not publish them,<sup>1</sup> and it would be unwise to expect that the mere sweepings of the poet's study should be polished and elaborated

<sup>1</sup> P 3

I now perceive, I long to sing thy praise,  
I now perceive, I long to find my lays.

The following lines are obscure, p 4

For this I call, that ancient Time appeal,  
And bring his rolls to serve in method here,  
His rolls which acts, that endless honour claim,  
Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame

P 18.

———— The visions seem to range,  
They seem to flourish, and they seem to change

P 25

As snow's fan feathers fleet to darken sight

P 28

Majestic notion seems decreed to nod

P 59

Why moves the chariot of my son so slow, -  
O! what affairs retard his coming so?

P 69

As painted prospects skip along the green,  
From hills to mountains eminently seen

P 154

The foreign agents reach the appointed place,  
The Congress opens, and it will be peace

These examples, hastily taken, are sufficient to prove the obscurity and the flatness of the lines, but from some expressions, I observe that the author had read Dryden with attention, though not with success. A volume of such

with the same care as his avowed and finished productions, it only remains to speak of the few works in prose, which he committed to the press. The *Memoirs of Scriblerus* have been already mentioned. His *Life of Zoilus* was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire upon Dennis and Theobald, the ever unfortunate foes of the Scriblerus Club.

The *Life of Homer*, notwithstanding the careful revision by Pope, and the subsequent correction of Warburton,<sup>1</sup> is written in a style inelegant, and sometimes incorrect. The reflections are not interesting from their appositeness, or striking from their novelty, the learning displayed is such as might easily be collected for the subject. Parnell has endeavoured to spin out his scanty materials to too great a length, and has enlarged with too much earnestness on facts doubtful or obscure. Assumptions are made to rest on very slender foundations, and inferences are drawn that it would be difficult to support. That Parnell was a better scholar than his brother-poets of his time, no one would be inclined to doubt, but it is equally clear,

<sup>1</sup> It is very unreasonable, after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the *Essay on Homer*, but I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me, and though the common way with a commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.

*Pope's Letter to Warburton, xx.*

that he did not possess that extensive acquaintance with ancient literature, that he had not explored its intimate recesses, and that he was not master of that critical learning, without which, it could not be expected that the work which he undertook, would either delight us by the sagacity of its conclusions, or instruct us by the arrangement of its facts. The Homer of Parnell is an imaginary being, formed out of all the conjectures and contradiction of antiquity. Having composed his image of these broken fragments and relics, the biographer attempts to invest it with vitality and intelligence. Perhaps it would have been better to have contented himself with simply arranging the different narratives, or scattered anecdotes as they have come down to us. It is not very profitable to read an account of the conversations that might have taken place between Homer and Lycurgus, or to exhaust pages in conjectures on the character, manners, and pursuits of a person who may never have existed, or if he did, who probably bore but little resemblance to the portraits whose features have, from time to time, been put together from the conjectures of fanciful theorists, or the fragments of obsolete traditions. As it is, the plan of his life is defective, it is not instructive enough for a history, or entertaining enough for a romance.<sup>1</sup> The style in which it is written

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that at the time when Parnell wrote, little critical research had been employed on the

forms a strong contrast with that of Pope's preface, that precedes it. It is singular, that the use of 'shall' for 'will,'<sup>1</sup> that occurs repeatedly in it, should have been overlooked by Pope. Goldsmith says, the language is shamefully incorrect, though Swift, who set a very high value on correctness of style, appeared satisfied with it, for, in a letter to Pope, he says, "your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and Essays." There are a few papers by Parnell in the *Spectator*, called *Visions*, which do not require any particular notice; as a prose writer, there is a stiffness, a want of neatness and arrangement, and an inaccuracy in his style. His merits as a poet are thus summed up by Goldsmith in the following elegant epitaph, with which I shall conclude the Memoir.

This tomb inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,  
My speak our gratitude, but not his fame  
What heart but feels his sweetly mortal lay,  
That leads to truth through pleasures flowery way

---

Homeric Poems, spurious pieces of biography, and interpolated passages passed without suspicion. The solid learning, and sagacity of Heyne, Wolf, P. Knight, and particularly of that unequalled scholar Hermann, have thrown much light on a subject so obscure from its antiquity, but the difficulties of the question are as yet only pointed out, and the modern Aristarchus is still to come.

<sup>1</sup> See Swift's Works, ed. Nicholls, vol. xiv. p. 136. "But these things shall lie by till you come to compare them, and alter rhyme and argument, and triplets, and common phrases of all kinds," &c. yet Swift uses *shall* for *will*.

Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid,  
 And Heaven that lent him genius, was repaid,  
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,  
 The transitory breath of fame below  
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,  
 While converts thank their Poet in the skies

There is a small oval portrait of Parnell, J. Basin  
 fec. prefixed to the Dublin edition of his works, 4to also  
 Thomas Parnell, D.D. by T. H. Dixon, sc. See Gran-  
 ger's Biogr. History of England, vol. 1 p. 259

## APPENDIX I

### NOTES TO THE DEDICATORY EPISTLE

Page xv Cyrene's shell ] Callimachus was born at Cyrene Akeneside, in his truly classical hymn to the Nereids,

Hail ! honored nymphs,  
Thrice hail ! for you the *Cyrenaic* shell  
Behold I touch revering —

Page xv The wondrous bark ] Eratosth (Asterism p 13 ed Oxy) says the Argo was the *first* ship ever built, but this is inconsistent with the account which the Greek poets and historians have related of the still earlier voyages of Cadmus and Danaus v Bryant's A Mythol ii p 493 The ancient writers, says Dr Musgrave (v Disc on Greek Mythology, p 86), are not unanimous in representing the Argo as the *first* ship ever built Diod Sic iv p 285 says it was the first of any *considerable* size Plin N H vii 57 says it was the first *long* ship Catullus says,

*Illa rudem cursu prima imbuat Amphitritem,*

though he mentions the fleet of Theseus, whom he makes older than the Argonauts, consult the note of Is Vossius in his Ledit p 262 and of Diesemius on Iscanus de Bello Troj lib i 52 There is scarcely a single circumstance relating to the Argonautic expedition in which the ancient writers are agreed They seem to have read out of a different *Pantheon* With regard to the gifts of voice which the vessel had—*Fatidicamque ratem*—Dr Musgrave thinks it to have been a juggle, and that one of the Argonauts was a *ventiloquist* *εγγαστριμύθος* Certain it is, that it did speak, and came of a speaking family, for it was made of the woods of Dodona Orpheus (Arg v 707) calls it *λαλος πρόπις*, a chattering ship, and Lycophron (v 1326) *λάληθρον μισσαν*, V Flacc (viii 130) makes it walk up and pay its compliments to Jason on the success of the enterprise Orpheus, in his Argonautic Poem, mentions *anchors* as belonging to the Argo (v 495) but these are not mentioned by Homer even in the time of the Trojan war

Page xv The Centaur band ] Concerning the disunion made between the Centaur and Hippocentaur, see the note on Mitford's Greece, vol i p 28 4to Palæ-

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atus, cap A does not mention this Chiron, whom the  
ets represent as a Hippo-Centaur, has the form of a man  
an engraving of him in Gionov Thes G1 Ant 1  
y y y from an ancient MS of Dioscorides Some, from  
passage in Lucian, thought his feet only were like those of  
hoise Centaurs were consecrated to Apollo, as may be  
en in many medals, especially those of Gallienus Pliny,

H vii c 3, asserts that he saw a centaur preserved in  
ney, brought from Egypt to Rome, for Claudius Cæsar  
ome beautiful engravings of male and female centaurs may  
' seen in the Antiquities of Herculaneum

Page xv Loud conchs ] Though Homer does not men-  
on the trumpet in the *heroic* ages, yet other authors  
ave supposed the invention of it to have been as early, or  
urlier than the Trojan war Virgil gives Misenus to Æneas  
, a trumpeter, v Æn vi 164

—quo non præstantior alter

Ære ciere viuos, Martemque accendere cantu

ycophion (v 991) calls Mineiva, "the Trumpet," as  
ne invented it

αλγυνοῦσα λαφρίαν λόρην  
Σαλπιγγα

Euripides (v Phœn v 1392) mentions the trumpet as  
sed at the siege of Thebes

'Ἐπει δ' ἀφείθη, πύσσοις ὤς, τυρσενικῆς  
Σαλπιγγοῦς ἤχη, σῆμα φοινοῦ μάχης

Where Prof Porson says, "Sed Tyrrenicam Tubam Heroicis  
emporibus usitatam fingunt Tragici, and he refers to Æsch  
Cum v 570, Eurip Rhes 991, Soph Aj v 17, to which  
eferences may be added Eurip Heiacl v 880, Thoad 1267  
he use of conchs, or sea-shells, probably preceded that of  
he metallic trump In the Iph Taur v 303, Euripides  
gives this instrument to the shepherds

Κοκλούς τε φῖσων, συλλεγών τ' ἐγχωρίους

see Theocri Idyll λβ 75, Virg Æn xi 171 Trumpets,  
however, were not very necessary, when the voices of men were  
o much more powerful than at present Agamemnon (Il θ  
20) standing on the ships of Ulysses, called to Ajax and  
Achilles, whose tents formed the opposite boundary of the  
Grecian camp, and are supposed to have stretched from  
he Rhœtærn to the Sigœan promontory, a distance of about  
welve miles



Page xvi, Heaven-built Troy ] Lycophion says (v 620 ) that Diomedes had, after his death, a statue erected to him in Italy, on a column formed of stones, brought as ballast in his ship, which had formed part of the walls of Troy

Page xvi Beautiful Helen ] Eumipides supposes that Helen never was at Troy, and ascribes the substitution of a phantom in her room, to Juno Lycophron attributes it to Proteus, but he says that Paris was not deprived of his prize for he enjoyed the love of Helen at Salamis They both agree that the Trojan prince only brought a cloud, a visionary resemblance of the beautiful Spartan, to Troy

Δίδωσι δ' οὐκ ἐμ' ἀλλ' ομοιωσας Ἴημοι  
"Εἰδωλον ἐμπνουν Ὀυρανῶν, υἱὸς θεῆς ὑπο ν' Helen, 33

The anonymous author of the Ἀποσμ' Ἐτου, περι Ἑλένης, also mentions this opinion, which the Scholiast thinks, refers to what Lycophron had said, v ed Morell Paris, 1595, 12mo

Οὐ δ' Ἑλένην φασκούςι μετὰ Τρῶεσσι παρέιναι

And Lycophion, says the Scholiast, took his opinion from Stesichorus, who wrote

Τρῶεσσ' οἱ τοτ' ἴσαν Ἑλένης εἰδωλον ἔχοντες

Const Manasses (ed Meurs p 390 ) makes Prius, when ~~Paris was in Egypt~~, take Helen away from him, and he returned to Troy empty-handed, or as the text has it, having touched Helen only with the tip of his finger

Ὁ δὲ κενῶι νηστρεφεῖ χερσὶ τοὺς τὴν ἄριδα  
Τῆς ἡδονῆς γευσάμενος ἀκρῶ δακτυλῷ μοι φ

So also the Antehom of Iliad, v 148, p 23, ed Jacobs Helen had five other husbands, whom Lycophion enumerates Achilles, however, who was one, wedded her in the Llysian fields

Τῆς πεντάλεκτρον θυάδος πλευρονιας

Pausanias (lib iii c 16 ) says, that in the temple of Hilana and Phoebe, an egg was suspended from the roof, bound with fillets, which was, they say, the egg that Leda brought forth The lamentation of Hermione for the loss of her mother Helen, is the only poetical passage in the poem of Coluthus, which is little else than a cento of scraps from Homer, Q Smyrnaeus, and Musaeus, v 333, et seq. Gias, in the concluding lines of his Agrippina, says,

————— so Helen look'd,      †  
 So her *white neck* reclined, so was she borne  
 By the young Trojan to his gilded bark

This is expressed with his usual knowledge and precision of language See Const Manas ed Meurs vii p 390

Δειρὴ μακρὰ, κατάλευκος, ὅθεν ἐμυθουργήθη,  
 Κυκνογενὴ τὴν ἐνόπτον Ἑλένην χρηματίζειν

and Antehom of Tzetzes, ed Jacobs 115 For an account of a modern rape of a Grecian virgin from Mycenæ, conducted in the approved ancient manner, see Wheeler's Travels in Greece, p 63

Page xvii Her damask'd ] Malala, in his Chronicle, lib v p 114 describes Helen as ευστολος, handsomely diest Beautiful as she was, Philostatus says, that Hiera, the wife of Ielephus, king of Mysia, was reckoned handsomer, Το σᾶντον ἡντην φήσι πλεονεκτεῖν τῆς Ἑλένης ὅσον κάκεινη τῶν Τροαδῶν v ed Oleari, p 691 and the author of Τῶν Τοοικῶν, joins in this assertion, p 679 J Tzetzes, in his Antehom follows them, v 285

Ἡ γὰρ καὶ Ἑλενὴν ἀτεκάννυτο καλλεὶ πόλλων

Aimtheus was the greatest *nale* beauty whom history has recorded, he is celebrated even by St Basil, who supposes that God had created him as an inimitable model of the human species The painters and sculptors could not express his figure The historians appeared fabulous when they related his exploits, v Am Mucell Hist xxi and the note of Valesius

Page xvii Then o'er the deep ] When Mr Anson, Lord Anson's brother, was on his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the isle of Tenedos, his pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said, with some satisfaction—There 'twas our fleet lay—Mr Anson demanded, What fleet? What fleet? replied the old man, a little piqued with the question, why our Grecian fleet to be sure, at the siege of Troy See Harris's Philol Enq p 320

Page xvii Breathtaking revenge ] After the death of Hector, says Constantine Manasses, p 397, ed Meursi, Priam sent to the Amazons to assist him, and when they were slain, he sent to David, king of Juda

Εἰς τὸν Δαβίδ τὸν ἄνακτα, τῆς Ἰουδαιας πέμπει  
 Παλαμὴν ἐξαιτούμενος συμμαχικὴν ἐι εἶθεν

but David had battles of his own to fight So Priam sent to

Tantares, or Pantares, King of the East Indies, who sent his General Memnon, and some *wild beasts* to help him. An anecdote is told of Priam, by Lydgate, which perhaps is not mentioned in older histories. See *Life and Death of Hector*, c vii p 104

No favor, nor no love made him decline,  
Nor leave unto the greatest, or the least,  
His manner was *full soon in mourning to dine*,  
And of all kings he was the worthiest

Mr Bryant in his *Observ* on the Brit Critic, p 86, compares the extent of Priam's empire to *Glamorganshire*. See also Wood on Homer, p 268, and Blackwell's *Life of Homer*, p 286

Page xvi [The battle field] Pausanias (lib i c 25, &c) gives a minute analysis of a very interesting picture by Polygnotus, representing the destruction of Troy, and the Greeks just preparing to sail to their native land. He observes that it differs considerably from the account of Homer. Among the figures, Hector is seen with both hands on his left knee, looking like a man weighed down with sorrow. Next to him, Memnon is sitting on a stone, and close to him, Sarpedon, leaning with his face on both his hands, but one of Memnon's hands is placed on the shoulder of Sarpedon. Penthesilea, with a bow in her hand, and a leopard's skin on her shoulder, is looking on Paris, and by her countenance seems to despise him. Menelaus is represented on board his ship preparing to depart from Troy, in the ship, boys and men are seen standing together, and the pilot Phrontes is distributing the oars. Nestor is painted with a hat on his head, and a spear in his hand, a horse rearing on the sand is seen near him. Palamedes and Iphicrates are represented playing at dice, the Oilean Ajax is looking at the play, his colour is that of a seafaring man, and his body is wet with the foam of the sea. In the second *Excurs* to the *Æn* iii p 426 Hicyné has a Dissertation on the year or month in which Troy was taken. See also Dodwell de Cyclys, p 803 4to

Page xx [Gentle companions] Bees were called by the Greeks, *το ποιμνιον ἀ-οιμαίρων*, the flock without a shepherd. Pausan Ant lib i c xxxiii says, that the Halyonian bees were so gentle that they would go out foraging along with the men in the fields.

Page xvi [Brutus' colours] In the beginning of the last century the learned Camden was obliged to undermine

with respectful scepticism the *Romance of Brutus*, the Trojan, who is now buried in silent oblivion with Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, and her numerous progeny, v Gibbon's *Rom Hist* ii p 526 In Henry VIII's famous Manifesto against James IV he insisted at great length on the superiority of the kings of England over the kingdom of Scotland, which he derived from his *illustrious predecessor, Brute the Trojan*, v Henry's *Hist of Eng* xi p 526 As Henry claimed kindred, he should have added his ancestor's name to his own *Henry the Brute* would have well preserved the recollection of the illustrious lineage

Poem, p xxviii, Tables ] Sir William Forrester, chaplain to Queen Catherine, speaking of her when young, says,

With steele and needle she was not to seek,  
And other practyseinges for ladies meete  
To pastyme, at *Tables*, tick tack, or gleeke,  
Cardys, dice—

See Andrews' *Hist of Gt Brit* i 419

## APPENDIX II

### ADDITIONAL NOTES TO THE LIFE OF PARNELL

Life, p 5, Mistress J Elizabeth bestowed the primacy upon Dr Mathew Parker, though she liked not his marriage, as she contrived once humorously to tell his consort The queen had been hospitably entertained at his house, she had thanked him—"and now," she said, turning to the lady, "what shall I say to you? *Madam* I may not call you, and *Mistress* I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you"

'It must be observed, that though Miss Saunderson was very young when married to Bettleton, she retained the appellation of Mistress Mademoiselle or Miss, though introduced among people of fashion in England, about the latter end of Charles the Second's reign, was not familiar to the middle class of people till a much later time, nor in use among the players till toward the latter end of King William's reign Miss Cross was the first of the stage Misses She is particularly noticed in Joe Haines's Epilogue

to Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle* — Miss was formerly understood to mean a woman of pleasure. So Dryden in his Epilogue to the *Pilgrim*, written in 1700

'Misses there were, but modestly concealed'

*Davies's Dram. Misc.* iii p 412

Life, p 54, Anacreontic ]

'Gay Bacchus liking *Estcourt's* wine,' &c

Dick Estcourt, the celebrated Comedian, about a year before his death, opened the Bumper Tavern in Covent-Garden. He was the companion of Addison, Steele, Parnell, and all the learned and choice spirits of the age, and was celebrated for ready wit, gay pleasantry, and a wonderful talent in mimicry. He acted Falstaff, Bares, Serjeant Kite, in the Recruiting Officer, Pounce in the Tender Husband, the Spanish Friar. Downes called him '*Histrionatus*'. Sir R. Steele has drawn an amiable picture of him in the *Spectator*, vol vi No 468. Estcourt was a favourite of the great Duke of Marlborough, and providore of the Beef-steak Club. Secretary Craggs went with Estcourt to Sir G. Kneller, and told him that a gentleman in company would give such a representation of some great men his friends, as would surprise him. Estcourt mimicked Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, Godolphin and others, so very exactly, that Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, and laughed heartily at the joke. Craggs gave the wink, and Estcourt mimicked Kneller himself, who cried out immediately — 'Nay! there you are out, man! by God, that is not me!'

Life, p 60, Hymn to Contentment ] My learned and excellent friend, Mr Barker of Thetford, has kindly pointed out to me the following passage relating to Parnell's Hymn to Contentment

"On the pursuit, and attainment of this heavenly tranquillity, the classical and pious reader will perhaps not be displeased to meet a beautiful Ode from the "*Divina Psalmody* of Cardinal Bona," on which Parnell manifestly formed his exquisite Hymn to *Contentment*. The insertion will be more readily pardoned, as this imitation has escaped the notice of Dr Johnson, and it is believed of all other critics and commentators."

"O Sincera patiens beatitudinis,  
Cœli delictum, Deique proles,  
Pax, terræ columen, decusque morum,  
Pax cunctis, potior ducum triumphis,  
Quos mundi colis abditos recessus?"

Hic te sollicito requirit æstio  
 Urbinoꝝ fugiens procul tumultus  
 Illic inter scopulos, vagosque fluctus  
 Spumantis pelagi lateare credit  
 Hic deserta petit loca, et per antra  
 Te quærens, varias peragiat oas  
 Qua lucens oritur, caditque Titan  
 Hic, ut te celer adsequatur, aurum  
 Congestum colit, atque dignitatum  
 Regalem sibi præparat decorem  
 Illic demens juga scandit, et remotos  
 Periscrutatur agios, trimen superinæ  
 Hi pacis nequeant bonis potui  
 Cur sic cigo tuum, benigna, numer  
 Celans, implacidum relinquis orbem?  
 Pacem sic ego sciscitabai Illa  
 Respondet — Proprio imperare cordi  
 Si nosti, tibi cognitumque numen  
 Possessumque meum est, sinu receptam  
 Sic me perpetuo coles amore ”

See Seimons on subjects chiefly practical, by J Jebb,  
 D D F R S Bishop of Limerick, Aidfert, and Aghadoe  
 third ed London, 1824, p 94

Ded Ep The orig MS after line 14, p xix ran thus

Soft thoughts by day, and many a pensive dream  
 Beguiling night are mine, by wood, and stream  
 Lone wanderings, and when shadowy eve recalls  
 My vagrant footsteps to the household walls,  
 Trimm'd is the lamp anew,—and one day more  
 Of study, and of solitude is o'er

## THE POEMS OF PARNELL





TO HIS RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT, EARL  
OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORFHMIR

SUCH were the notes, thy once-lov'd poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue  
O just beheld, and lost ' admir'd, and mourn'd '  
With softest manners, gentlest aits, adorn'd '  
Blest in each science, blest in every strain '  
Dear to the Muse, to Hailey dear—in vain '

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend ,  
For Swift and him, despis'd the face of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great ;  
Dexterous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,  
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays  
Who careless, now, of interest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great,  
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall

#### DEDICATION

And sure if ought below the seats divine  
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine  
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,  
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ,  
The Muse attends thee to the silent shade  
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace  
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,  
When all the oblig'd descit, and all the vain ,  
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell  
Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bay ,  
(No hureling she, no prostitute to praise)  
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,  
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he

A. POPE

Sept 25, 1721

HESIOD; OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN



## HESIOD, OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN

WHAT ancient times, those times we fancy wise,  
Have left on long record of woman's rise,  
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,  
What author wrote it, how that author died,  
All these I sing In Greece they fram'd the tale,  
In Greece, 'twas thought a woman might be frail,  
Ye modern beauties ! where the poet drew  
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you,  
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware  
How heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair  
The case was Hesiod's, he the fable writ;  
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit  
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please,  
I wave the contest, and commence the lays

In days of yore, no matter where or when,  
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men,  
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth  
Our author's song can witness, liv'd on earth  
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,  
And stole from Jove his animating flame  
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,  
When thus the monarch of the stars began

O vers'd in arts ' whose daring thoughts aspire  
To kindle clay with never-dying fire !  
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine ,  
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine  
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,  
As suits the counsel of a God to find ,  
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,  
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel

He said, and Vulcan straight the sire commands  
To temper mortal with ethereal hands ,  
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,  
As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear ,  
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,  
And form her organs for a voice divine  
'Twas thus the sire ordain'd , the power obeyed ,  
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made ,  
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,  
Now made to seem, now more than seem, to breathe

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms  
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms ,  
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,  
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red  
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,  
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ,  
A mind for love, but still a changing mind ,  
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd ,  
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,

The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink,  
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown,  
For decent yielding looks declining down,  
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire  
Would own its melting in a mutual fire,  
Gay smiles to comfort, April showers to move,  
And all the nature, all the art, of love

Gold-scepter'd Juno next exalts the fan,  
Her touch endows her with imperious air,  
Self-valuing fancy, highly-circled pride,  
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide  
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,  
With native tropes of anger, aims the sex

Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid  
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,  
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,  
Cross the long web, and close the web with art,  
A useful gift, but what profuse expense,  
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence !

Young Hermes next, a close-contriving god,  
Her brows encircled with his serpent hood  
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,  
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain,  
The price of favours, the designing arts  
That arm at riches in contempt of hearts,  
And for a comfort in a marriage life,  
The little, pilfering temper of a wife

Full on the fan his beams Apollo flung,  
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue,  
He gave her words, where only flattery lays  
The pleasing colours of the art of praise,  
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,  
Which fiets another's spleen to cure its own

Those sacred Virgins whom the bards revere,  
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,  
To make her sense with double charms abound,  
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought  
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,  
And plac'd then boxes o'er a rich brocade  
Where pictur'd loves on every cover play'd,  
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art  
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart,  
The whee to curl, the close-indentèd comb  
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home,  
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid  
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade

Fair Flora lent her stores, the purpled Hours  
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers,  
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown,  
A veil pellucid hung depending down,  
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,  
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold



Her robe (which closely by the girdle braced  
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)  
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' art,  
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,  
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,  
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,  
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles  
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace  
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face

A finer flax than what they wrought before,  
Through time's deep cave the sister Fates explore,  
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,  
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,  
Pursue thy thread, the spindle runs below  
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,  
The creature woman, rises now to reign  
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly,  
New love begins, a love produc'd to die,  
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,  
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide,  
Women have time, to sacrifice to pride  
They want the care of man, then want they know,

And dress to please with heart-alluring show,  
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,  
And make a servant where they meet a friend!

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts  
A loitering race the painful bee supports;  
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies  
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs,  
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,  
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,  
Whose temper betters by the father's side,  
Unlike the rest that double human care,  
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share  
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!  
The curse is general, but the blessing chance

Thus sung the Sisters, while the gods admire  
Then beautiful creature, made for man in ire,  
The young Pandora she, whom all contend  
To make too perfect not to gain her end  
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,  
Return to bear her on a gentle wing,  
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,  
And land the shining vengeance safe below  
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,  
(The present treacherous, but the bearer more)  
'Twas fraught with pangs, for Jove ordain'd above,  
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar  
Wondering he run to catch the falling star,  
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,  
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well  
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,  
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns  
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,  
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers  
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize  
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,  
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,  
In busk disorder tips it up and down,  
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm  
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form

"Now take what Jove design'd," she softly cried,  
"This box thy portion, and myself thy bride"  
Fond with the prospect of the double charms,  
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone  
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!  
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,  
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep,  
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,  
And thinks the water wears a stable form,  
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!  
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,

Lord of himself, and all the world his own  
 For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,  
 For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods,  
 In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,  
 They bore him heroes in the secret cave  
 No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,  
 No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,  
 No wars were known, no females heard to rage,  
 And poets tell us, 'twas a golden age

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd  
 Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,  
 From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,  
 Spread as they went, and in the progress grew  
 The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,  
 And altering nature wore a sickly face,  
 New terms of folly rose, new states of care,  
 New plagues to suffer, and to please, the fair  
 The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,  
 Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues,  
 The mean designs of well-dissembled love,  
 The sordid matches never join'd above;  
 Abroad, the labour, and at home the noise,  
 (Man's double sufferings for domestic joys),  
 The curse of jealousy, expense, and strife,  
 Divorce, the public brand of shameful life,  
 The rival's sword, the qualm that takes the fair,  
 Disdain for passion, passion in despair—  
 These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd, we find,  
 Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd, behind!

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung  
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,  
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show;  
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow,  
The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)  
The Muses came to give the laurel too  
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,  
If love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?  
Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate  
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,  
Though when it happen'd, no relation clears,  
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade  
The neighb'ring woods a native abode made,  
There oft a tender pair for amorous play  
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away,  
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,  
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthé she  
But swelling nature in a fatal hour  
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower,  
The due disgrace her brothers count then own,  
And track her steps, to make its author known

It chanc'd one evening, ('twas the lover's day)  
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay,  
When Hesiod wandering, mused along the plain,  
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene  
A strong suspicion straight possess'd their mind,  
(For poets ever were a gentle kind)

But when Evanthe near the passage stood,  
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,  
“ Now take,” at once they cry, “ thy due reward  
And urg’d with enning rage, assault the baird  
His corpse the sea received    The dolphins bore  
(’Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore

Methinks, I view the dead with pitying eyes,  
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise,  
I see the Muses round the body cry,  
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by,  
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,  
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand  
“ Here Hesiod lies    ye future bairds, beware  
How far your moral tales incense the fair  
Unlov’d, unloving, ’twas his fate to bleed,  
Without his quiver Cupid caus’d the deed  
He judg’d this turn of malice justly due,  
And Hesiod died for joys he never knew ”

## SONG

WHEN thy beauty appears,  
In its graces and airs,  
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,  
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears  
So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art,  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every vein,  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants  
in your heart,  
Then I know you're a woman again

There's a passion and pride  
In our sex, she replied,  
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do,  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman to you

## A SONG

THIRSIS, a young and amorous swain,  
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,  
Who both his heart subdue -  
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,

Sabina's easy shape and air  
With softer magic drew

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,  
Lives in a fond romance of love,  
And seems for each to die,  
Till each a little spiteful grown,  
Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,  
And she Sabina's eye

Then envy made the shepherd find  
Those eyes, which love could only blind,  
So set the lover free  
No more he haunts the grove or stream,  
Or with a true-love knot and name  
Engraves a wounded tree

Ah Cælia ! sly Sabina cried,  
Though neither love, we're both denied,  
Now to support the sex's pride,  
Let either fix the dart  
Poor girl ! says Cælia, say no more,  
For should the swain but one adore,  
That spite which broke his chains before,  
Would break the other's heart



## SONG.

My days have been so wondrous free  
The little buds that fly  
With careless ease from tree to tree,  
Were but as bless'd as I

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
Of mine increas'd their stream ?  
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
I lent one sigh to them ?

But now my former days retrieve,  
And I'm by beauty caught,  
The tender chains of sweet desire  
Are fix'd upon my thought

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines !  
Ye swains that haunt the grove !  
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds !  
Ye close retreats of love !

With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design,  
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,  
To make my Nancy mine !

'The very thought of change I hate,  
As much as of despair,  
Nor ever covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her

'Tis true, the passion in my mind  
Is mix'd with soft distress;  
Yet while the fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less

## ANACREONTIC

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,  
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,  
While easy breezes, softer rain,  
And warmer suns salute the plain,  
'Twas then, in yonder pine grove,  
That Nature went to meet with Love

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,  
Where'er she trod, 'twas green beneath,  
Where'er she turn'd, the pulses beat  
With new recruits of genial heat,  
And in her train the buds appear,  
To match for all the coming year

Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew  
And violets intermix'd a blue,  
She find the boy she went to find,  
A thousand pleasures wait behind,  
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,  
But all unfeather'd wait to fly

When they met, the dame and boy,  
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,  
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play  
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay,

Love pan'd the buds through all the grove,  
And Nature bid them sing to Love,  
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,  
And pay their tribute from the wing,  
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,  
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,  
They meet in every trembling wood,  
And thence they make the plumes agree,  
And every dart they mount with thee,  
And every dart can boast a kind,  
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume  
The generous hearts accept their doom.  
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,  
The vain and airy lovers die  
For careful dames and frugal men,  
The shafts are speckled by the hen.  
The pies and parrots deck the darts,  
When prattling wins the panting hearts  
When from the voice the passions spring,  
The warbling finch affords a wing  
Together, by the sparrow stung,  
Down fall the wanton and the young  
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,  
When others love they know not why

All this, as late I chanced to rove,

I learn'd in yonder waving grove  
And see, says Love, who called me near,  
How much I deal with Nature here,  
How both support a proper part,  
She gives the feather, I the dart  
Then cease for souls averse to sigh  
If Nature cross ye, so do I,  
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,  
And shakes and shuffles through the skies -  
But if the mutual charms I find  
By which she links you, mind to mind,  
They wing my shaft, I poise the darts,  
And strike from both, through both your hearts

## ANACREONTIC

GAY Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,  
A noble meal bespoke us ,  
And for the guests that were to dine,  
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair .  
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd  
For wine makes Love forget its care,  
And Mirth exalts a feast

The more to please the sprightly god,  
Each sweet engaging Grace  
Put on some clothes to come abroad,  
And took a waiter's place

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass  
A lady of the sky ,  
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,  
And had it bumper-high

Fat Comus toss'd his bumpers o'er  
And always got the most ,  
Jocus took care to fill him more,  
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch ;  
He fill'd, and drank again ;  
And if the gods can take too much,  
'Tis said, they did so then

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,  
By reckoning his deceits ,  
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue  
With all his staggering gaits

And Jocus dioll'd on Comus' ways,  
And tales without a jest ,  
While Comus call'd his witty plays  
But waggeries at best

Such talk soon set them all at odds ,  
And, had I Homer's pen,  
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,  
And how they fought like men

To part the fiay, the Graces fly,  
Who make 'em soon agree ,  
Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,  
They still were three to three

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,  
And gave him back his bow ,  
But kept some darts to stir the cup  
\* Where sack and sugar flow

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,  
And gaily wore the prize,  
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,  
As thrice he strove to rise

Then Cupid sought the myrtle glove,  
Where Venus did recline ;  
And Venus close embracing Love,  
They join'd to rail at wine

And Comus loudly cursing wit,  
Roll'd off to some retreat,  
Where boon companions gravely sit  
In fat unwieldy state

Bacchus and Jocus, still behind,  
For one fresh glass prepare,  
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
And vow to be sincere

But part in time, whoever hear  
This our instructive song ,  
For though such friendships may be dear,  
They can't continue long.



A FAIRY TALE,  
IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE

IN Britain's isle and Arthur's days,  
When midnight faeries daunc'd the maze,  
    Liv'd Edwin of the green ,  
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth  
    Though badly shap'd he been

His mountain back mote well be said  
To measure heighth against his head,  
    And lift itself above  
Yet spite of all that nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
    This creature dar'd to love

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,  
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,  
    Could ladies look within ,  
But one Su Topaz dress'd with art,  
And, if a shape could win a heart,  
    He had a shape to win

Edwin, if nigh I read my song,  
With slighted passion pric'd along  
    All in the moonv light

'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive faeries made resort  
To revel out the night

His heart was dead, his hope was cross'd,  
'Twas late, 'twas fall, the path was lost  
That reach'd the neighbour-town,  
With weary steps he quits the shades,  
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,  
And drops his limbs adown

But scant he lays him on the floor,  
When hollow winds remove the door,  
A trembling rocks the ground  
And, well I ween to count aight,  
At once an hundred tapers light  
On all the walls around

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,  
Now sounding feet approachen near,  
And now the sounds encrease,  
And from the corner where he lay  
He sees a train profusely gay  
Come prancing o'er the place

But, trust me, gentles, never yet  
Was dight a masquing half so neat,  
Or half so rich before,  
The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
The town its silken store

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant diest  
 In flaunting robes above the rest,  
     With awfull accent cried,  
 What mortal of a wretched mind,  
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,  
     Has here presumed to hide '

At this the swain, whose venturous soul  
 No fears of magic art controul,  
     Advanc'd in open sight,  
 ' Nor have I cause of dread,' he said  
 ' Who view by no presumption led,  
     Your revels of the night

'Twas grief for scorn or faithful love  
 Which made my steps unweeting rove  
     .    Amid the nightly dew '  
 'Tis well, the gallant cries again,  
 We faeries never injure men  
     Who dare to tell us true

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,  
 Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
     To make thee grief resign,  
 Now take the pleasure of thy chance,  
 Whilst I with Mab my partner daunce,  
     Be little Mable thine

He spoke, and all a sudden there  
 Light musick floats in wanton air,  
     The monarch leads the queen,

The best then faerie partners found,  
And Mable timly tript the ground  
With Edwin of the green

The dauncing past, the board was laid,  
And siker such a feast was made  
As heart and lip desire,  
Withouten hands the dishes fly,  
The glasses with a wish come nigh,  
And with a wish retie

But now to please the faerie king,  
Full every deal they laugh and sing,  
And antick feats devise,  
Some wind and tumble like an ape,  
And other-some transmute their shape  
In Edwin's wondering eyes

Till one at last that Robin hight,  
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,  
Has hent him up aloof,  
And full against the beam he flung,  
Where by the back the youth he hung  
To spriall unneath the roof

From thence, 'Reverse my charm,' he cries,  
'And let it fairly now suffice  
The gambol has been shown'  
But Oberon answers with a smile,  
Content thee, Edwin, for a while,  
The vantage is thine own

Here ended all the phantome play ,  
 They smelt the fresh approach of day ,  
     And heard a cock to crow ,  
 The whirling wind that bore the crowd  
 Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,  
     To warn them all to go

Then screaming all at once they fly  
 And all at once the tapers die ,  
     Poor Edwin falls to floor ,  
 Foulorn his state, and dark the place,  
 Was never wight in sike a case  
     Through all the land before

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,  
 Full jolly creature home he goes,  
     He feels his back the less ,  
 His honest tongue and steady mind  
 Han rid him of the lump behind  
     Which made him want success

With lusty livelyhed he talks  
 He seems a dauncing as he walks ,  
     His story soon took wind. <sup>so er</sup>  
 And beauteous Edith sees the <sup>t ?</sup>  
 Endow'd with courage, sense <sup>got</sup>  
     Without a bunch behind

The story told, Sir Topaz mov  
 The youth of Edith erst approv'd <sup>head</sup>  
     To see the revel scene

At close of eve he leaves his home,  
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome  
 All on the gloomy plain

As there he bides, it so befell,  
 The wind came rustling down a dell,  
 A shaking seiz'd the wall  
 Up spring the tapers as before,  
 The faeries bragly foot the floor,  
 And musick fills the hall

But certes sorely sunk with woe  
 Sn Topaz sees the elfin show,  
 His spirits in him die  
 When Oberon cries, ' A man is near,  
 A mortall passion, cleeped fear,  
 Hangs flagging in the sky '

With that Sn Topaz, hapless youth '  
 In accents faltering ay for ruth  
 Intreats them pity ghaunt,  
 For als he been a m'ster wight  
 Betray'd by wandering in the night  
~~the spirit~~ he circled haunt

From thence, ' Reve,  
 ' And let it fairly no at once they roar,  
 The gambol ha d of faerie lore,  
 But Oberon answer to come we know  
 Content thee, Edy kestrell courage fell,  
 The vantage, since a lie you tell,  
 Be free to work thee woe '

Then Will, who bears the wippy hue  
 To trail the swains among the mure,  
     The captive upward flung,  
 There like a tortoise in a shop  
 He dangled from the chamber-top,  
     Where whilome Edwin hung

The revel now proceeds apace,  
 Deffly they frisk it o'er the place,  
     They sit, they drink, and eat,  
 The time with frolick mirth beguile,  
 And poor Su Topaz hangs the while  
     Till all the rout retreat

By this the stars began to wink,  
 They shiek, they fly, the tapers sink  
     And down ydrops the knight  
 For never spell by faerie laid  
 With strong enchantment bound a glade  
     Beyond the length of night

Chill, dark, alone, adie'd, he lay  
 Till up the welkin rose the day  
     Then deem'd the dole was o'er  
 But wot ye well his harder lot?  
 His seely back the bunch has got  
     Which Edwin lost afore

This tale a Sybil-nurse aird,  
 She sottly strok'd my youngling head  
     And when the tale was done,

Thus some are born, my son,' she cries,  
' With base impediments to rise,  
And some are born with none

' But virtue can itself advance  
To what the favourite fools of chance  
By fortune seem'd design'd ;  
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,  
And from itself shake off the weight  
Upon th' unworthy mind '



## THE VIGIL OF VENUS

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF JULIUS CÆSAR, AND BY SOME

ASCRIPTED TO CATULLUS.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ,  
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more  
 The spring, the new, the warbling spring appears,  
 The youthful season of reviving years ,  
 In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,  
 The feather'd nation choose their tuneful mates,  
 The trees grow fruitful with descending rain  
 And diest in differing greens adorn the plain  
 She comes , to-morrow Beauty's empress roves  
 Through walks that winding run within the groves ,  
 She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,  
 And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,*

---

## PERVIGILIUM VENERIS

*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit , quique amavit,  
 cras amet*

Vei novum, vei jam canorum vere natus orbis est,  
 Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,  
 Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus  
 Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum  
 Implicat gazas viuentes de flagello myrteo

Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,  
 From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own  
*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,*  
*Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood  
 Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood,  
 Wandering in circles stood the finny crew,  
 The midst was left a void expanse of blue,  
 Their parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,  
 And dropping wet the fair Dione rose  
*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,*  
*Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

She paints the purple year with varied show,  
 Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow,

---

Cras Dione dicit, jura fulta sublimi throno  
*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, quique*  
*amavit, cras amet*

Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,  
 Cœrulas inter cateivas, inter et bipedes equos,  
 Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus  
*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, quique*  
*amavit, cras amet*

Ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floribus,  
 Ipsa surgentes papillas de Favoni spiritu

She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,  
 Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees  
 When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,  
 She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews,  
 Bright trembling pearls depend at every spout,  
 And kept from falling, seem to fall away  
 A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,  
 And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves,  
 (The drops descending through the silent night,  
 While stars serenely roll their golden light,  
 Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds;  
 Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flower unfolds  
 Soon will the morning blush ye maids' prepare,  
 In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair  
 'Tis Venus' plant the blood fair Venus shed,  
 O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red,  
 From Love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell  
 Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell,

---

Uguet in toros tepentes, ipsa rosis lucidi,  
 Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit humentes aquas,  
 Et micant lacrymæ tiementes decidivo pondere;  
 Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos,  
 In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ  
 Humor ille, quem serenæ astra rotant noctibus,  
 Mane virgines papillas solvit humenti peplo  
 Ipsa jussit mane ut udae virgines nubant rosæ,  
 Fuscæ prius de ciuiole deque Amoris osculis,  
 Deque gemmis deque flammis, deque solis purpuris

From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,  
 The richest lustre makes her purple bright,  
 And she to-morrow weds, the sporting gale  
 Unties her zone, she buists the verdant veil,  
 Though all her sweets the rifting lover flies,  
 And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

Now fall Dione to the myrtle grove  
 Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love  
 And shall they venture? Is it safe to go,  
 While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?  
 Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will,  
 He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,  
 His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,  
 His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung

---

Cras ruborem qui latebat veste tectus ignea,  
 Unico manita nodo non pudebit solvere

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit quique  
 amavit, cras amet*

Ipsa nimfas diva luco jussit ne myrteo  
 Et puer comes puellis Nec tamen credi potest  
 Fuisse Amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit  
 Ite Nymfæ posuit arma, feriatus est amor  
 Jussus est inermis ne, nudus ne jussus est  
 Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet

And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms  
And Love that's naked, still is Love in arms

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs  
A virgin train complete with modest airs  
"Chaste Delia, grant our suit ' or shun the wood,  
Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood  
Venus, O Delia ' if she could persuade,  
Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid "  
Here cheerful quires for three auspicious nights  
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites  
Here crowds in measures lightly-decent move,  
Or seek by paths the covert of the grove,  
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,  
And mingling flowerets strew the scenes of love

Sed tamen nimfæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcher est  
Totus est inimis idem, quando nudus est Amor

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, quique  
amavit, cras amet*

Compara Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines  
Una res est quam rogamus cede virgo Delia,  
Ut nemus sit inclementum de ferinis stragibus  
Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem  
Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus,  
Congreges inter cateivas, ne per saltus tuos

## THE POEMS

ere dancing Ceires shakes her golden sheaves  
ere Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves  
ere wit's enchanting God in laurel crown'd  
akes all the ravish'd Hours with silver sound  
e fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,  
nd, Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,  
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear ;  
And there presides , and there the favourite band,  
Her smiling Graces, share the great command  
Now, beauteous Hybla, dress thy flowery beds  
With all the pride the lavish season sheds ,  
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,  
And rival Enna's aromatic field

---

Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casas  
Nec Ceires, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus ,  
Decinent, et tota nox est pervigila cantibus  
Regnet in silvis Dione    tu recede Delia

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit , quiqve  
amavit, cras amet*

Jussit Hyblæis tribunal stare diva floribus ,  
Præsens ipsa jura dicit, adsederunt Gratiæ.  
Hybla totos funde flores, quidquid annus adtulit,  
Hybla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænnæ cam-

To fill the presence of the gentle court  
 From every quarter rural Nymphs resort,  
 From woods, from mountains, from their humble  
     vales,

From waters curling with the wanton gales  
 Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing Queen  
 In circles seats them round the bank of green,  
 And "lovely guls," she whispers, "guard your  
     hearts,

My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in arts "

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,  
 Let early flowers erect their painted head  
 To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,  
 That day old Æther wedded Earth in green

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium  
 Quæque silvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes in-  
     colunt

Iussit omnis adsidere pueri mater alitis,  
 Iussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, quique  
     amavit, cras amet*

Et recentibus viuentes ducat umbras floribus  
 Cras erit qui primus æther copulavit nuptias  
 Ut patet iouis crearet veinis annum nubibus,

# THE POEMS

æ Veinal Father bid the spring appear,  
 clouds he coupled to produce the year,  
 e sap descending o'er her bosom ran,  
 and all the various sorts of soul began  
 ' wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins  
 stilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,  
 ough all the lovely realms of native day,  
 ough all the circled land, the circling sea,  
 'ith fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,  
 nd ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth  
*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ,*  
*et those who always lov'd, now love the more*

'twas she the parent, to the Latian shore  
 'hrough various dangers Troy's remainder bore

n sinum matris imber fluxit almæ conjugis,  
 It foetus immixtus omnis aleiet magno corpore  
 Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu  
 Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,  
 Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum sub-  
 ditum,

Perivium sui tenorem seminali tramite  
 Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, quique*  
*amavit, cras amet*

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit,  
 Ipsa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit,



She won Lavinia for her wallike son,  
 And winning her, the Latian empire won  
 She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb  
 Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.  
 Decoy'd by shows the Sabine dames she led,  
 And taught our vigorous youth the means to wed  
 Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine,  
 Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line  
*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

In rural seats the soul of Pleasure reigns,  
 The life of Beauty fills the rural scenes,  
 E'en Love, it fame the truth of Love declare,  
 Diew first the breathings of a rural air  
 Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty priest,  
 She laid her infant on its flowery breast,  
 From nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,

---

Moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem,  
 Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,  
 Unde Ramnes et Quirites, proque prole posterum  
 Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem  
*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, "quique  
 amavit, cras amet*

Rura fecundat voluptas iura Venerem sentiunt  
 Ipsæ Amori pueri Dionæ iure natus dicitur  
 Hunc agei, cum parturit ipsa, suscepit sinu;

He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

Now bulls o'er stalks of bloom extend their sides,

Secure of favours from their lowing brides

Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,

Who bleating follow through the wandering shade

And now the Goddess bids the birds appear,

Raise all their music, and salute the year

Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song

Runs o'er the water where he sails along ,

While Philomela tunes a treble strain,

And from the poplar charms the listening plain

We fancy love express'd at every note,

*Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis*

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, quique  
amavit, cras amet*

Ecce, jam super genistas explicant tauri latus !

Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugalî foedere

Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum greges

Et canoras non tacere diva jussit alites

Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstriepunt

Adsonat Tei puella subter umbra populî ,

Ut putas motus amoris ore dici musico,

Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro

It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat  
 Of barbarous Teireus she complains no more,  
 But sings for pleasure, as for grief before ;  
 And still her graces rise, her airs extend,  
 And all is silence till the Siren end

How long in coming is my lovely spring '  
 And when shall I, and when the swallow sing ?  
 Sweet Philomela, cease , or here I sit,  
 And silent lose my rapturous hour of wit  
 'Tis gone, the fit returns, the flames decay,  
 My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away  
 His own Amycle thus, as stories run,  
 But once was silent, and that once undone  
*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ,*  
*Let those who always lov'd, now love the more*

---

Illa cantat. nos tacemus Quando vei venit  
 meum ?  
 Quando faciam ut celidon ut tacere desinam ?  
 Perdidit musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit  
 Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium  
*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit, quique*  
*amavit, cras amet*



HOMER'S BATRACHIOMUOMACHIA ,

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICES

## NAMES OF THE MICE

PSYCARPA, *one who plunders granaries*  
 Troxartes, *a bread-eater*  
 Lychomyle, *a licker of meal*  
 Pternotroctas, *a bacon-eater*  
 Lychopinax, *a licker of dishes*  
 Embasichytros, *a creeper into pots*  
 Lychenor, *a name from licking*  
 Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes*  
 Artophagus, *who feeds on bread*  
 Tyroglyphus, *a cheese-scooper*  
 Pteinoglyphus, *a bacon-scooper*  
 Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater*  
 Cnissodiocetes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens*  
 Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat*  
 Mendaipax, *one who plunders his share*

## NAMES OF THE FROGS

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who swells his cheeks*  
 Peleus, *a name from mud*  
 Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters*  
 Hysiboas, *a loud bawler*  
 Pelion, *from mud*  
 Seutlæus, *called from the beets*  
 Polyphonus, *a great babbler*  
 Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake*  
 Crambophagus, *a cabbage eater*  
 Lymnisius, *called from the lake*  
 Calaminthus, *from the herb*  
 Hydrocharis, *who loves the water*  
 Borborocates, *who lies in the mud*  
 Prassophagus, *an eater of garlic*  
 Pelusius, *from mud*  
 Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt*  
 Prassæus, *called from garlic*  
 Craugasides, *from croaking*

## HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS, ETC.

### BOOK I

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,  
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire !  
From Helicon's embowelling height repair,  
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer  
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,  
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight ,  
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,  
And wag'd due combats with the croaking race  
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,  
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers  
These equal acts an equal glory claim,  
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,  
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,  
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain,  
Fled swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,  
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,  
And dipt his whiskers in the standing pool ,  
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,  
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said,

What art thou, stranger? What the line you boast?  
What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?  
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,  
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee  
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,  
And entering view the pleasurable lake  
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,  
And glad return from hospitable fare  
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,  
And me, then monarch, all its fogs obey  
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,  
Begot in fair Hydiomeduse's embrace,  
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,  
The swift Eridanus delights to glide  
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim  
A sceptred king, a son of martial fame,  
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes  
Thus ceas'd the fog and thus the mouse replies

Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly  
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,  
My name resounds, and if unknown to thee,  
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me,  
Of brave Tioxartes' line, whose sleeky down  
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown  
My mother she, and princess of the plains  
Where'er her father Pternotioctes reigns  
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,  
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed  
But since our natures nought in common know,



From what foundation can a friendship grow ?  
 These curling waters o'er thy palace roll,  
 But man's high food supports my princely soul  
 In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie  
 Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye,  
 In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,  
 In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,  
 In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,  
 Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale  
 And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,  
 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight  
 Though large to mine the human form appear,  
 Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.  
 Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,  
 Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,  
 And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill;  
 Sleeping he feels and only seems to feel  
 Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,  
 Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,  
 And that false trap, the den of silent fate,  
 Where death his ambush plants around the bait:  
 All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest  
 The potent warriors of the tabby vest  
 If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,  
 And rend our heroes of the nibbling race  
 But me, nor stalks, nor wat'ry herbs delight,  
 Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,  
 The lake-resounding frog's selected fare,  
 Which not a mouse of any taste can bear

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,  
His answer thus the creaking king address'd

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties love,  
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove  
We sport in water, or we dance on land,  
And born amphibious, food from both command  
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,  
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through  
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,  
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state

He said, and bent his back, with nimble bound  
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around;  
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey  
The winding banks resembling ports at sea  
But when aloft the curling water rides,  
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,  
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,  
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,  
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,  
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears,  
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:  
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,  
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,  
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake

So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,  
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;

With oar's fleet the bull triumphant row'd,  
 And safe in Cete depos'd his lovely load  
 Ah safe at last ! may thus the frog support  
 My trembling limbs to reach his ample court

As thus he sorrow's, death ambiguous grows,  
 Lo ! from the deep a water-hydia rose,  
 He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,  
 And darts with active rage along the waves  
 Confus'd the monarch sees his hissing foe,  
 And dives, to shun the sable fates, below  
 Forgetful frog ! The friend thy shoulders bore,  
 Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore  
 He grasps with fruitless hand, to find relief,  
 Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief,  
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,  
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain  
 The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,  
 And thus the prince his dying rage express'd

Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy back,  
 As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,  
 Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king !  
 Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing  
 At land thy strength could never equal mine,  
 At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine  
 But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes  
 Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers, rise !

This said, he sighing gasp'd and gasping died

His death the young Lychopanax espied,  
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,  
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away  
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores  
repeat,

The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate  
Grief, dismal grief ensues, deep murmurs sound,  
And shiller fury fills the deafen'd ground  
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,  
To fix their council with the rising sun,  
Where great Thoxartes crown'd in glory reigns,  
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains:  
Psycaipax' father, father now no more!  
For poor Psycaipax lies remote from shore,  
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,  
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

## OMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

## BOOK II

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,  
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds;  
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,  
And thus, the council fill'd with rage, address'd

For lost Psycarax much my soul endures,  
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours  
Three warlike sons adorn'd thy nuptial bed,  
Three sons, alas! before their father dead!  
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,  
As near thy court the prince unheeding sat  
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,  
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,  
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,  
And even unpitying kill'd my gallant boy  
The last, his country's hope, his parents' pride,  
Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus, died  
Rouse all the war, thy friends! avenge the deed  
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed

His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,  
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms

In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,  
 The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains :  
 Quills aptly bound, then bracing corselet made,  
 Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd ,  
 The lamp's round boss affords them ample shield ,  
 Large shells of nuts then covering helmet yield ,  
 And o'er the region with reflected rays,  
 Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze  
 Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear ;  
 The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near ,  
 Forsake the waters, thickening form a ring,  
 And ask and hearken, whence the noises spring  
 When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,  
 The valiant chief Embasichytios drew  
 The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his land,  
 And thus his words express'd his king's command

Ye frogs ! the mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,  
 And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance .  
 Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,  
 Extends incumbent on the watery plain  
 Then aim your host, the doubtful battle try ;  
 Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,  
 And proudly-swelling yet perplex'd appear .  
 Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame  
 Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame .

O friends, I never forc'd the mouse to death,

Not saw the gasping of his latest breath  
 He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,  
 And venturous, in the lake the wanton died  
 To vengeance now by false appearance led,  
 They point their anger at my guiltless head  
 But wage the rising war by deep device,  
 And turn its fury on the crafty mice  
 Your king directs the way; my thoughts elate  
 With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate  
 Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,  
 And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,  
 There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,  
 Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight  
 Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,  
 Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest,  
 Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,  
 Till countless circles whirl the lake below,  
 Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd,  
 Loud flash the waters, and the shores resound  
 The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,  
 And raise their glorious trophies of the slain

He spake no more his prudent scheme imparts  
 Redoubling aid to the boldest hearts  
 Green was the suit his aiming heroes chose,  
 Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,  
 Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,  
 And green the colewort, which the target made,  
 Form'd of the varied hells the waters yield,  
 Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field,

And tapering sea-needs for the polish'd spear,  
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air  
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,  
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,  
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,  
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates  
Unbar, the gods assume their golden seats :  
The sue superior leans, and points to show  
What wondrous combats mortals wage below :  
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride ;  
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride ;  
What eager fire, then rapid march reveals ,  
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales ,  
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,  
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,  
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,  
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,  
O! who the mice, or who the frogs assist ?

Then thus to Pallas    If my daughter's mind  
Have join'd the mice, why stays she still behind ?  
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,  
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,  
Where while the victims gratify their taste,  
They sport to please the goddess of the feast  
Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies ,



But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies  
In vain, my father ! all then dangers plead ,  
To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid  
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,  
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil,  
Ills following ills but what afflicts me more,  
My veil, that idle race profanely tore  
The web was curious, wrought with art divine ,  
Relentless witches ! all the work was mine ;  
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,  
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread  
In this then teeth a thousand breaches tear ;  
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair ,  
For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve  
The gods, that use no coin, have none to give ;  
And learning's goddess never less can owe  
Neglected learning gains no wealth below  
Nor let the fiogs to win my succour sue,  
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too  
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,  
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight ;  
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,  
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield ,  
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,  
With noisy croakings half the nation rose  
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,  
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day  
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,  
Næ tempt the flying fumes of the spear ,  
Let heavenly blood, or what for blood may flow,

Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe  
Some daring mouse may meet the wondrous odd ,  
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods,  
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,  
And be the wais of mortals scenes for you

So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen , her words persuade,  
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey d

## HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

## BOOK III

Now front to front the marching armies shine,  
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line  
The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,  
Give the loud signal to the rushing war,  
Then dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd horns  
                    sound,

The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,  
E'en Jove proclaims a field of honour nigh,  
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,  
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew  
The luckless warrior fill'd with generous flame,  
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame,  
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung,  
The mouse fell thundering, and the target rung,  
Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,  
And soild in dust his lovely tresses lie

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,  
The missile spear within the bosom past,  
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,  
And life's red tide runs o'ring from the wound

Embasichytios felt Seutlæus' dart  
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart,  
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,  
And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,  
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd  
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;  
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,  
And breath'd his soul against the face of day

The strong Lymnochais, who view'd with rue  
A victor triumph, and a friend expire,  
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,  
And fiercely flung where Thoglodytes fought;  
A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,  
But arts in vain elude impending fate,  
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,  
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell  
Lychenor, second of the glorious name,  
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim,  
Through all the frog the shining javelin flies,  
And near the vanquish'd mouse the victor dies

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,  
Long bred to banquets, less mov'd to fights,  
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,  
And wildly floundering flashes up the deep  
Lychenor following with a downward blow,  
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;  
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood  
Distains the surface of the silver flood,

Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,  
And slow the breathless carcass floats along

Lymniscus good Tyloglyphus assails,  
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales,  
Lost to the milky faes and rural seat,  
He came to perish on the bank of fate

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,  
Which tender Calaminthus shuns by flight,  
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,  
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below  
But due Pternophagus divides his way  
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day  
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,  
His parents fed him on the savage boar,  
But where his lance the field with blood imbued,  
Swift as he mov'd, Hydrocharis pursu'd,  
Till fallen in death he lies, a shattering stone  
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone;  
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,  
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain

Lychopanax with Borb'ioctetes fights,  
A blameless frog whom humbler life delights,  
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,  
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,  
Beats Cnissodiocetes off the rising ground,

Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,  
 And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death  
 But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,  
 (Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war  
 Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,  
 And through the liver struck Pelusius dead,  
 His freckled corpse before the victor fell,  
 His soul indignant sought the shades of hell

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood  
 Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud  
 The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,  
 Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes  
 Enrag'd, and wildly spluttering, from the shore  
 A stone immense of size the warrior bore,  
 A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,  
 Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days  
 Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound,  
 The frog supportless withers upon the ground

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force.  
 Till loud Craugasides arrests his course  
 Hoarse-croaking threats precede, with fatal speed  
 Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,  
 Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore  
 And on the pile his reeking entrails bore

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,  
 Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain,  
 And where the ditches rising weeds supply

To spread then lowly shades beneath the sky,  
There lunks the silent mouse relief'd from heat,  
And safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate

But here Troantes, Physignathus there,  
While the dire furies of the pointed spear  
But where the foot around its ankle flies,  
Troantes wounds, and Physignathus flies,  
Halts to the pool a safe retreat to find,  
And trails a dangling length of leg behind  
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,  
And half in anguish of the flight expires

Then pious aidou young Piassæus brings,  
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings  
Lank, harmless frog ' with forces hardly grown,  
He darts the ice in combats not his own,  
Which faintly tinkling on Troantes' shield,  
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears  
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,  
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,  
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse,  
His action bold, robust his ample frame,  
And Meridaipa his resounding name  
The warrior singled from the fighting crowd,  
Boasts the due honours of his arms aloud,  
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,  
To all its nations threats approaching fate

And such his strength, the silver lakes around  
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground,  
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace  
To fiogs that perish, than to human race,  
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,  
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole  
Then thus to all the gazing powers began  
The sire of gods, and fiogs, and Mice, and man

What seas of blood I view ! what worlds of slain !  
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign !  
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes  
The black-furr'd hero Meindaipax shakes !  
Unless some favouring deity descend,  
Soon will the fiogs' loquacious empire end  
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,  
And make her ægis blaze before his eye  
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,  
Arrests his raging rival of the war

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,  
When thus the glorious god of combats said  
Not Pallas, Jove ! though Pallas take the field,  
With all the terrors of her hissing shield,  
Not Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright  
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight,  
Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,  
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war  
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,  
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies,



Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,  
 When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay  
 When all the giant race enormous fell  
 And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell "

"Twas thus th' omnipotent advis'd the gods,  
 When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,  
 Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,  
 Olympus trembles as the thunders roll  
 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around  
 And headlong darts it at the distant ground,  
 The bolt discharg'd inwrapp'd with lightning flies,  
 And lends its flaming passage through the skies  
 Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,  
 And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake  
 Yet still the mice advance their dread design,  
 And the last danger threatens the croaking line,  
 Till Jove, that only mourn'd the loss they bore,  
 With strange assistants fill'd the fought shore

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to  
 They march, a sudden unexpected crew ! [view,  
 Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,  
 Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows  
 In wheeling marches turn'd, oblique they go,  
 With harpy claws their limbs divide below,  
 Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command,  
 From out the flesh their bones by nature stand,  
 Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders  
 rise ,

Unnumber'd joints distort then lengthen'd thighs,  
With nervous cords then hands are firmly brac'd,  
Then round black eyeballs in their bosom plac'd,  
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,  
And either end alike supplies a head.

These, mortal wits to call the crabs agree,  
The gods have other names for things than we

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,  
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend  
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,  
There, without hands, upon the field they lie  
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,  
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground  
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,  
And mad confusion through their host appear  
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,  
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below

But down Olympus to the western seas  
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays,  
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,  
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun

## TO MR POPE

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,  
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,  
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,  
Yet still preserve the province of the friend,  
What life, what vigour, must the lines require !  
What music tune them ! what affection fire !

O might thy genius in my bosom shine !  
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,  
The brightest ancients might at once agree  
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee

Horace himself would own thou dost excel  
In candid arts to play the critic well

Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame  
Whom Windsor forest sees a gliding stream,  
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,  
She runs for ever through poetic ground

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,  
Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair  
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore  
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before  
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds,

Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods  
 The new machines in names of ridicule,  
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the chymic fool  
 But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,  
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart  
 The Graces stand in sight, a Satyr train  
 Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest, it  
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,  
 And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse  
 To place thee near him might be fond to choose  
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,  
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,  
 While some old Damon o'er the vulgar wise,  
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize  
 Rapt with the thought my fancy seeks the plains,  
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains  
 Indulgent nudge of every tender gale,  
 Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail  
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,  
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head;  
 Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,  
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze;  
 Smile all thy valleys in eternal spring,  
 Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing

In English lays, and all sublimely great,  
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,  
 He shines in council, thunders in the fight,

And flames with every sense of great delight  
 Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,  
 Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne,  
 In all the majesty of Greek retid,  
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admu'd,  
 His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,  
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light  
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before  
 Fed the large realms around with golden ore,  
 When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,  
 And shepherds only say, the mines were here !  
 Should some rich youth, if nature warm his heart,  
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art,  
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,  
 The mines detected flame with gold again

How vast, how copious are thy new designs !  
 How every music varies in thy lines !  
 Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,  
 And rise in raptures by another's heat  
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,  
 When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,  
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,  
 And Philomela, sweetest o'er the rest  
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread !  
 While a whole season warbles round my head

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,  
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,  
 Shakes off the dust and makes these rocks resound,

For fortune plac'd me in unteutle ground ,  
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
From wit, from learning,—far, O far from thee!  
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,  
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf ,  
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet ;  
On lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,  
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud

Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,  
A friend delight me, and an author please ;  
Even here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,  
Show my own love, though not increase his fame

A TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST  
CANTO OF THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

INTO LONGIN VERSE, AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT  
MONKS

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more ictectum,  
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyride densa  
Tum primum lymphâ se purgat candida nymphâ,  
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,  
Nuda caput, bellus regnet, regit, implet, ocellos  
Hâc stupet explorans seu cultus numen adorans  
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aiam,  
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia<sup>1</sup> lautè,

---

PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE RAPE  
OF THE LOCK

AND now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid  
First, robd in white, the nymph intent adores,  
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers  
A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears  
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride

Dona venusta, omnis, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,  
 Excepta exploiat, dominamque deamque decorat  
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,  
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ  
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit,  
 Atque elephas lentè te pectit, Lesbia, dente,  
 Hunc maculis nôis, nivei jacet ille coloris  
 Hic jacet et mundè mundus muliebris abundè,  
 Spinula resplendens ævis longo ordine pendens,  
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore  
 Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima vigo,  
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens  
 Jam reparat usus, jam surgit gratia visûs,  
 Jam promit cultu miracula latentia vultu,

---

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
 The various offerings of the world appear,  
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil  
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box  
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white  
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux  
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,  
 The fan each moment rises in her charms,  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,



Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,  
 Et gemmans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis  
 Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique salutis,  
 Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,  
 Iliæ manicis formam, plicis dat et altera noimam;  
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty,  
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum

---

And calls forth all the wonders of her face,  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes  
 The busy sylphs surround their dailing care,  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,  
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own

## HEALTH, AN ECLOGUE

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,  
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass,  
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,  
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,  
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn,  
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,  
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view  
There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd  
                  throng  
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song

Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,  
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health, repair  
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale  
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale  
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?  
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,  
The face of nature cheers as well as I,  
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,  
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,  
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,

The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,  
 The clumping birds from all the compass move  
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove  
 High sunny summits, deeply shaded dells,  
 Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales  
 With various prospect gratify the sight,  
 And scatter fix'd attention in delight

Come, country Goddess, come ! nor thou suffice,  
 But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise  
 Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,  
 Her winding horn proclaims the wish'd chace,  
 She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,  
 Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train,  
 Her hardy face repels the tanning wind  
 And lines and meshes loosely float behind  
 All these as means of toil the feeble see,  
 But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee

Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,  
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,  
 Unner'd with rest, and turn her own disease,  
 Or foster others in luxurious ease  
 I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,  
 The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds,  
 I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread  
 And shake the saplings with their branching head  
 I make the falcons wing their airy way,  
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey,  
 To snare the fish I fix the luring bait ;

To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate  
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,  
And strength and pleasure rise from every change  
    Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,  
    When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again

O come, thou Goddess of my rural song,  
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along !  
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,  
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly  
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,  
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers ,  
To welcome her, this summer seat I diest,  
And here I court her when she comes to rest ,  
When she from exercise to learned ease  
Shall change again, and teach the change to please

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,  
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine  
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,  
And such as make me rather good than great ,  
O'er o'er the works of easy fancy rove,  
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove ,  
The native bard that on Sicilian plains  
First sung the lowly manners of the swains,  
O'er Maio's Muse, that in the fairest light  
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight  
These soft amusements bring content along,  
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song  
    Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain ,  
    When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again

## THE FLIES AN ECLOGUE

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,  
 And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,  
 A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,  
 Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he,  
 Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded way,  
 Where flowering hawthorn broke the sunny ray,  
 And thus instructs his moral pen to draw  
 A scene that obvious in the field he saw

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,  
 Which never learnt to glide with liquid feet,  
 Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,  
 But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day,  
 There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,  
 Whose answering branches regularly laid  
 Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise  
 Three stories upward, in the ether skies

For shelter here, to shun the noonday heat,  
 An airy nation of the flies retreat,  
 Some in soft air their silken pimons ply,  
 And some from bough to bough delighted fly  
 Some rise, and circling light to perch again,  
 A pleasing murmur hums along the plain  
 So, when a stage invites to pageant show,

It great and small are like, appear the beaux,  
In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,  
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,  
Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam,  
Preluding music fills the lofty dome

When thus a fly (if what a fly can say  
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,  
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,  
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip  
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip  
I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,  
And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup,  
Till, brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above  
Cease, beauty, cease to vex a tender love  
Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow sung,  
And thus the rival of his music sung

When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,  
I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew,  
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,  
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving dear  
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,  
Yet sat indulging as the danger came  
But the kind huntress left her free to soar  
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more

Thus from the fern, whose high-projecting arms,

The fleeing nation bent with dusky swarms,  
 The swarms then love in easy music breathe,  
 When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath  
 Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,  
 Some call to march, and some to lift the load;  
 They strain, they labour with incessant pains,  
 Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains  
 The flies struck silent gaze with wonder down  
 The busy burghers reach their earthy town,  
 Where lay the burthens of a wintry store,  
 And thence unwearied part in search of more  
 Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,  
 And the small city's loftiest point ascends,  
 Wipes the salt dew that tickles down his face,  
 And thus harangues them with the gravest grace

Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,  
 These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear,  
 Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and  
     love,  
 Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove  
 Let baids to business bend their vigorous wing,  
 And sing but seldom, if they love to sing  
 Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,  
 And this your feiny shade forsakes the vale,  
 Though one would save ye, not one grain of wheat  
 Should pay such songsters idling at my gate

He ceas'd the flies, incorrigibly vain,  
 Heard the mayor's speech, and fell to sing again

## AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY

IN vain poor nymph, to please our youthful sight  
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,  
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,  
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair  
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,  
Why really fifty five is something old

Once you were young, or one, whose life's so long  
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong  
And once, since envy's dead before you die,  
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,  
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,  
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip

To some new charmer are the roses fled,  
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red,  
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,  
And ains by thousands fill their easy train  
So parting summer bids her flowery prime  
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,  
While withering seasons in succession, here,  
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year

But thou, since nature bids, the world resign,  
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.



With more address, or such as pleases more,  
 She runs her female exercises o'er,  
 Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,  
 And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.  
 With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,  
 In sideling courtesy she drops the glass  
 With better strength, on visit-days, she bears  
 To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs  
 Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,  
 Are sure to conquer,—for the rogue is young,  
 And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,  
 We call it only pretty Fanny's way

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage,  
 The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age  
 'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,  
 And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,  
 If not from virtue, from its gravest ways  
 The soul with pleasing avocation strays  
 But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise,  
 As harpers better, by the loss of eyes

Henceforth retire, reduce your loving aims,  
 Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,  
 Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,  
 Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd  
 Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take,  
 (Then trembling lustre shows how much you shake,)  
 Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,  
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl

So for the best, with less incumbrance hung,  
You walk through life, unmingled with the young;  
And view the shade and substance, as you pass,  
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,  
O! Folly diest, and rambling all her days,  
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise  
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,  
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain

'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,  
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair  
Unmov'd by tongues and sights, he walk'd the  
place,  
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace,  
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,  
And—'What a world I never want!' he cries,  
But cries unheard, for Folly will be free  
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he  
As careless he for them, as they for him,  
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim

## THE BOOK-WORM

COUR lither, boy, we'll hunt to-day  
The book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey,  
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,  
As fame reports it, with the gods  
Him frantic hunger wildly drives  
Against a thousand authors' lives  
Through all the fields of wit he flies,  
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,  
With horns without, and tusks within,  
And scales to serve him for a skin  
Observe him nearly, lest he climb  
To wound the bards of ancient time,  
Or down the vale of fancy go  
To tear some modern wretch below  
On every corner fix thine eye,  
Or ten to one he slips thee by

See where his teeth a passage eat -  
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat  
But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?  
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live ! -  
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,  
He draws the tadpole form along,  
He mounts the gilded edge before,  
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,

He turns, he doubles, there he past,  
And here we have him, caught at last

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse  
The sweetest servants of the Muse—  
Nay, never offer to deny,  
I took thee in the fact to fly  
His roses nipt in every page,  
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage,  
By thee my Ovid wounded lies,  
By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies,  
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd  
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,  
They rent Belinda's locks away,  
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay  
For all, for every single deed,  
Relentless justice bids thee bleed  
Then fall a victim to the Nine,  
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,  
To pile a sacred altar here  
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,  
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;  
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain,  
Pray take your mortal bards again

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,  
And here between his numerous eyes

This venerable dust I lay,  
From manuscripts just swept away

The goblet in my hand I take,  
For the libation's yet to make  
A health to poets ' all then days,  
May they have bread, as well as praise,  
Soe may they seek, and less engage  
In papers fill'd with party rage  
But if their riches spoil their vein,  
Ye Muses, make them poor again

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,  
With which my tuneful pens are made  
I strike the scales that aim thee round,  
And twice and thrice I punt the wound,  
The sacred altar floats with red,  
And now he dies, and now he's dead

How like the son of Jove I stand,  
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand '  
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,  
To see what dangers threat the year  
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench '  
What lean translations out of French '  
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,  
S—— prints, before the months go round

But hold, before I close the scene,

The sacred altar should be clean  
O had I Shadwell's second bays,  
O, Tate, thy peit and humble lays !  
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow  
I never miss'd your works till now,)  
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shine,  
That only way you please the Nine  
But since I chance to want these two,  
I'll make the songs of Duify do

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,  
I hang the scales that brac'd it in ,  
I hang my studious mourning gown,  
And write my own inscription down

' This trophy from the Python won,  
This robe, in which the deed was done,  
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,  
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat  
Here Ignorance and Hunger found  
Large realms of wit to ravage round ,  
Here Ignorance and Hunger fell ,  
Two foes in one I sent to hell  
Ye poets, who my labours see,  
Come share the triumph all with me !  
Ye critics, born to vex the Muse,  
Go mourn the grand ally you lose !'

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,  
Our race of mortals call him Care,  
(Were Homer living, well he knew  
What name the gods have call'd him too,)  
With fine mechanic genius wrought,  
And lov'd to work, though no one thought

This being, by a model bred  
In Jove's eternal sable head,  
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,  
And be the worldling here beneath

The man rose staring, like a stake ;  
Wondering to see himself awake !  
Then look'd so wise, before he knew  
The business he was made to do ,  
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace  
He gravely show'd his forward face,  
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,       ;  
An under-something of the sky

But ere he gave the mighty nod,  
Which ever binds a poet's god .  
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,  
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake,)

He saw old mother Earth arise,  
She stood confess'd before his eyes,  
But not with what we read she wore  
A castle for a crown before,  
Nor with long streets and longer roads  
Dangling behind her, like commodes,  
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,  
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest  
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said  
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head

Her honours made, great Jove, she cried,  
This thing was fashion'd from my side,  
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine,  
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay rather ask, the monarch said  
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,  
Were what I gave remov'd away?  
Thy part's an idle shape of clay

Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,  
Your pleas would make your titles fair,  
You claim the body, you the soul,  
But I who join'd them, claim the whole

Thus with the gods debate began,  
On such a trivial cause, as man.  
And can celestial tempers rage?  
Quoth Virgil in a later age



As thus they wrangled, Time came by ,  
(There's none that paint him such as I,  
For what the fabling ancients sung  
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young )  
As yet his winters had not shed  
Then silver honours on his head ,  
He just had got his pinions free  
From his old sire Eternity  
A serpent girdled round he wore,  
The tail within the mouth, before ,  
By which our almanacks are clear  
That learned Egypt meant the veiw,  
A staff he carried, where on high  
A glass was fix'd to measure by,  
As amber boxes made a show  
For heads of canes an age ago  
His vest, for day, and night, was py'd ,  
A bending sickle arm'd his side ,  
And spring's new months his train adorn ,  
The other seasons were unborn

Known by the gods, as near he draws,  
They make him umpire of the cause  
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,  
Where since his hours a dial made ,  
Then leaning heard the nice debate,  
And thus pronounc'd the words of fate

Since body from the parent Earth,  
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth

## THE POEMS

they where they first began ,  
 ice then union makes the man,  
 ve and Earth shall part these two,  
 ie, who join'd them, man is due

ud, and sprung with swift career  
 ace a circle for the year ,  
 ie ever since the seasons wheel,  
 tread on one another's heel

well, said Jove , and for consent  
 ndering he shook the firmament  
 i umpire Time shall have his way,  
 th Care I let the creature stay  
 t business vex him, avarice blind,  
 t doubt and knowledge rack his mind,  
 t error act, opinion speak,  
 nd want afflict, and sickness break,  
 nd anger burn, dejection chill,  
 and joy distract, and sorrow kill  
 ill, aim'd by Care, and taught to mow,  
 Time draws the long destructive blow ,  
 And wasted man, whose quick decay  
 Comes hurrying on before his day,  
 Shall only find by this decree,  
 The soul flies sooner back to me

## AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time ! destroying power,  
Whom stone and brass obey,  
Who giv'st to every flying hour  
To work some new decay,  
Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,  
Thy secret saps prevail,  
And ruin man, a nice machine,  
By nature form'd to fail  
My change arrives, the change I meet,  
Before I thought it nigh  
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,  
And all their beauties die  
In age I search, and only find  
A poor unfruitful gain,  
Grieve Wisdom stalking slow behind  
Oppress'd with loads of pain  
My ignorance could once beguile,  
And fancied joys inspire,  
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile  
On newly-born Desire  
But now experience shews the bliss  
For which I fondly sought,  
Not worth the long impatient wish,  
And ardour of the thought  
My youth met Fortune far away'd,  
(In all her pomp she shone,)

## THE POEMS

And might, perhaps, have well essay'd  
To make her gifts my own  
But when I saw the blessings shower  
On some unworthy mind,  
I left the chase, and own'd the power  
Was justly painted blind  
I pass'd the glories which adorn  
The splendid courts of kings,  
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,  
I rose to scorn the things  
My manhood felt a vigorous fire,  
By love increas'd the more,  
But years with coming years conspire  
To break the chains I wore  
In weakness safe, the sex I see  
With idle lustre shine,  
For what are all their joys to me,  
Which cannot now be mine?  
But hold—I feel my gout decrease,  
My troubles laid to rest,  
And truths, which would disturb my peace,  
Are painful truths at best  
Vainly the time I have to roll  
In sad reflection flies,  
Ye fondling passions of my soul!  
Ye sweet deceits! arise  
I wisely change the scene within,  
To things that us'd to please,  
In pain, philosophy is spleen,  
In health, 'tis only ease

## A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH

By the blue taper's trembling light,  
No more I waste the wakeful night,  
Intent with endless view to poise  
The schoolmen and the sages o'er  
Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
On point at best the longest way  
I'll seek a readier path, and go  
Where wisdom's surely taught below

How deep yon azure dyes the sky,  
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,  
While through their ranks in silver pride  
The nether crescent seems to glide !  
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe  
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
Where once again the spangled show  
Descends to meet our eyes below  
The grounds which on the night aspire,  
In dimness from the view retire  
The left presents a place of graves,  
Whose wall the silent water laves  
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
Among the livid gleams of night  
There pass, with melancholy state

By all the solemn heaps of fate,  
And think, as softly-sad you tread  
Above the venerable dead,  
' Time was, like thee they life possest,  
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest '

Those graves, with bending osier bound,  
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,  
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,  
Where toil and poverty repose

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,  
The chisel's slender help to fame,  
(Which ere our set of friends decay  
Then frequent steps may wear away,)  
A middle race of mortals own,  
Men, half ambitious, all unknown

The marble tombs that rise on high,  
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,  
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,  
Aims, angels, epitaphs, and bones,  
These, all the poor remains of state,  
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,  
Who while on earth in fame they live,  
Are senseless of the fame they give

Hah ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,  
The bursting earth unveils the shades !  
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,

They rise in visionary crowds,  
And all with sober accent cry,  
' Think, mortal, what it is to die '

Now from yon black and funeral yew,  
That bathes the chancel-house with dew,  
Methinks I hear a voice begin ,  
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
O'er the long lake and midnight ground ')  
It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
Thus speaking from among the bones

' When men my scythe and darts supply,  
How great a king of fears am I '  
They view me like the last of things  
They make, and then they dread, my stings  
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,  
No more my spectre form appears  
Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God ,  
A port of calms, a state of ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas

' Why then thy flowing sable stoles,  
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,  
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,  
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,  
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead ?

‘ Nor can the parted body know,  
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe  
As men who long in prison dwell,  
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
Whene’er their suffering years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun.  
Such joy, though far transcending sense  
I have pious souls at parting hence  
On earth, and in the body plac’d,  
A few, and evil years they waste ;  
But when their chains are cast aside,  
See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day ’



## A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT,

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind '  
 Sweet delight of human-kind '  
 Heavenly-born, and bred on high,  
 To crown the favourites of the sky  
 With more of happiness below,  
 Than victors in a triumph know '  
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek, contented head,  
 What happy region dost thou please  
 To make the seat of calms and ease '

Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there  
 Encreasing Avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd  
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way  
 Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love, and then perceives  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves  
 The silent heart, which grief assails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks, as I have vainly done,  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know

That solitude's the nurse of woe  
No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground,  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All nature in its forms below,  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts at last, for knowledge see.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!  
This world itself, if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
The branches whisper as they wav'd  
It seem'd, as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of the Grace  
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,  
Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
Know God—and bring thy heart to know  
The joys which from religion flow  
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest"

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,

Might I thus my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy !  
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer ,  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colours of delight ,  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song ,  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And thee, great source of nature, sing

The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day ,  
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;  
The stars that gild the gloomy night ,  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ,  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ,  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain ,  
All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung, and sung by me  
They speak their maker as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man

Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy or your vain extremes ,  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this

## THE HERMIT

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose,  
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenour of his soul is lost  
So when a smooth expanse receives impest  
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow .  
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it right,  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,

Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)   
 He quits his cell, the pilgrim-staff he bore,   
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before,   
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,   
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,   
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass,   
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,   
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way,   
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,   
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair   
 Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,   
 "And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;   
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,   
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road,   
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,   
 While in their age they differ, join in heart   
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,   
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around

Now sunk the sun, the closing hour of day   
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray,   
 Nature in silence bid the world repose;   
 When near the road a stately palace rose   
 There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,   
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass   
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome   
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home   
 Yet still the kindness, from a thrust of praise,

Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease  
 The pan anive the liveried servants wait,  
 Then lord receives them at the pompous gate  
 The table groans with costly piles of food,  
 And all is more than hospitably good  
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they down,  
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play,  
 Fresh o'er the gay parteries the breezes creep,  
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish  
                   sleep

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call  
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall,  
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste  
 Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,  
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe,  
 His cup was vanish'd, for in secret guise  
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,  
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,  
 So seem'd the sue, when far upon the road,  
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd  
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling  
                   heart,  
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part.

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That generous actions meet a base reward

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds,  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain  
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat  
'Twas built with tuilets, on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around,  
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,  
Unkind and gaping, caus'd a desert there

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew,  
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
'Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest,  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair,  
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine;  
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace  
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ,  
And why should such, within himself he cried,  
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?  
But what new marks of wonder soon took place  
In every settling feature of his face,  
When from his vest the young companion bore  
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,  
And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ,  
The sun emerging opens an azure sky ,  
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day  
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
And the glad master bolts the wavy gate

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom  
wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought ,  
His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :  
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh  
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great



It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet  
Then greeting fan bestow'd, with modest guise,  
The courteous master hears, and thus replies

“ Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
To him who gives us all, I yield a part,  
From him you come, for him accept it here,  
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer ”  
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
When the grave household round his hall repair  
Wain'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,  
And with'd his neck the landlord's little pride,  
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died  
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?  
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed

His steps the youth pursues the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way  
A river cross'd the path, the passage o'er  
Was nice to find, the servant trod before  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in,  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet,  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air,  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back then gradual plumes display  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do,  
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke

“Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial use before the throne  
These charms, success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind,  
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I

“Then know the truth of government divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine

“The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
In this the right of Providence is laid;  
Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work his ends  
’Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye  
The power exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still

“What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?  
Yet taught by these, confess th’ Almighty just,  
And where you can’t uniddle, learn to trust’

“The great, vain man, who far’d on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,  
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,  
And forc’d his guests to mourning draughts of wine,  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost

“The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
Ne’er mov’d in duty to the wandering poor,  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head,  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And loose from dross, the silver runs below

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the child half-wean’d his heart from God,  
Child of his age, for him he liv’d in pain,  
And measur’d back his steps to earth again  
To what excesses had this dotage run!  
But God, to save the father, took the son  
To all but thee, in fits he seem’d to go,  
And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just

“But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back!  
This night his treasur’d heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail!

“Thus Heaven instructs thy mind this trial o’er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew  
 Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
 His master took the chariot of the sky,  
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view,  
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,  
 , " Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done !  
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace,

## PIETY, OR THE VISION

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,  
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,  
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain  
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene,  
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,  
A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day,  
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,  
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room,  
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,  
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest,  
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,  
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,  
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,  
And all her sweet companions sons of light

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder giv'n,  
Fear bann'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view,  
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd  
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,  
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,  
And to my lips a living coal applied  
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran  
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began

“Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,  
The seats of music, and the seats of love,

Thence I descend, and Piety my name.  
 To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,  
 To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,  
 And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs  
 Be thou my bard " A vial here she caught,  
 (An angel's hand the crystal vial brought,)  
 And as with awful sound the word was said,  
 She pou'd a sacred unction on my head,  
 Then thus proceeded " Be thy Muse thy zeal,  
 Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal  
 While other pencils flattering forms create,  
 And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great,  
 While other pens exalt the vain delight,  
 Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night,  
 Or others softly sing in idle lines  
 How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;  
 More wisely thou select a theme divine,  
 Fame is then recompense, 'tis heaven is thine  
 Despise the raptures of discord'd fire,  
 Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire  
 Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,  
 Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,  
 Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,  
 Not made for using, only rage below  
 Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,  
 More lasting still, as more intensely great,  
 Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure  
     breathe,  
 And ever mounting whence it shot beneath  
 Unpainted the love, that, hovering over beds,

From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds ,  
Restore the colour to the golden mines  
With which behind the feather'd idol shines ,  
To flowering greens give back their native care,  
The rose and lily, never his to wear ,  
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath ;  
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death ,  
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,  
And fork and point them with eternal flame

“ But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,  
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance ,  
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,  
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more  
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,  
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way ,  
And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod  
Pursue the great unseen descent of God ,  
Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,  
The child is God, and call him Jesus here  
He comes, but where to rest ? A manger's nigh,  
Make the great Being in a manger lie ,  
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,  
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing ,  
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,  
And still afflict him till he reach the grave ,  
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,  
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet ,



I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,  
And glide in flames of love along thy verse

" Ah ' while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,  
My raptures smother what I long to tell  
'Tis God ' a present God ' through cleaving air  
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there  
Plac'd on the right He shows the wounds he bore,  
(My fervours oft have won him thus before),  
How pleas'd he looks ' my words have reach'd his  
ear ,  
He bids the gates unbar , and calls me near "

She ceas'd The cloud on which she seem'd to  
tread

Its curls unfolded, and around her spread ,  
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,  
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud ,  
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky  
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly ,  
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,  
And faint their softness, till they fail below

My downy sleep the warmth of Phoebus broke,  
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke  
" Thou beauteous vision ' on the soul impress'd,  
When most my reason would appear to rest  
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights  
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights ,  
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew ,

While moons the silver gave, and all the blue  
I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing,  
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing,  
( 'Tis known in Jewry well ) I'll make my lays,  
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise "

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,  
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream,  
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,  
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent Lord ' whose gracious love displays  
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease '  
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss,  
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this

BACCHUS, OR, THE DRUNKEN  
METAMORPHOSIS

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,  
(Jolly Bacchus king of pleasure !)  
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances  
And all his thousand airy fancies,  
Alas ! he quite forgot the while  
His favourite vines in Lesbos isle

The god, returning ere they died,  
“ Ah ! see my jolly Fauns, ’ he cried,  
‘ The leaves but hardly born are red,  
And the bare arms for pity spread  
The beasts afford a rich manure ;  
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure ,  
Up the mountains, o’er the vales,  
Through the woods, and down the dales ,  
For this, if full the clusters grow,  
Your bowls shall doubly overflow ”

So cheer'd, with more officious haste  
They bring the dung of every beast,  
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare, .  
They lay the rich manure with care ;  
While oft he calls to labour hard,  
And names as oft the red reward

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,  
The thickening clusters load the year,  
The season swiftly purple grew,  
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue

A vineyard ripe, a day serene  
Now calls them all to work again  
The Fauns through every furrow shoot  
To load their flasks with the fruit,  
And now the vintage early trod,  
The wines invite the jovial god

Strew the roses, raise the song,  
See the master comes along,  
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,  
Whim and Frolic follow after  
The Fauns aside the vats remain,  
To show the work, and reap the gain  
All around, and all around,  
They sit to rest on the ground,  
A vessel stands amidst the ring,  
And here they laugh, and there they sing  
Or rise a jolly jolly band,  
And dance about it hand in hand,  
Dance about, and shout amain,  
Then sit to laugh and sing again  
Thus they drink, and thus they play  
The sun and all their wits away

But, as an ancient author sung,

The vine manni'd with every dung,  
From every creature strangely drew  
A twang of brutal nature too ;  
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns  
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fauns

Here one was crying out, " By Jove !"  
Another, " Fight me in the grove ,"  
This wounds a friend, and that the trees ,  
The lion's temper reign'd in these

Another grins, and leaps about,  
And keeps a merry world of rout,  
And talks impertinently free,  
And twenty talk the same as he ,  
Chattering, idle, airy, kind ,  
These take the monkey's turn of mind

Here one, that saw the Nymphs which stood  
To peep upon them from the wood,  
Skulks off to try if any maid  
Be lagging late beneath the shade ,  
While loose discourse another raises  
In naked nature's plainest phrases,  
And every glass he drinks enjoys,  
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise  
Mad and careless, hot and vain ;  
Such as these the goat retain

Another drinks and casts it up,

And drinks, and wants another cup ,  
Solemn, silent, and sedate,  
Ever long, and ever late,  
Full of meats, and full of wine ,  
'This takes his temper from the swine

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,  
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath  
Gaping, tender, apt to weep ,  
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew,  
(If what the poets say be true)  
While Bacchus made the merry feast,  
Inclin'd to one or other beast ,  
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile  
He spread the vines of Lesbos isle

MR DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED

COMPASSION checks my spleen, yet scorn denies  
 The tears a passage through my swelling eyes  
 To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show  
 Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe  
 Satire ' arise, and try thy sharper ways,  
 If ever satire cur'd an old disease  
 Is not Religion (Heaven-descended dame)  
 As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,  
 As moral Virtue in her early sway,  
 When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day ?  
 Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,  
 As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,  
 As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,  
 As all rewards then virtue found below ?  
 Alas ! Religion proper means prepares,  
 These means are ours, and must its end be theirs ?  
 And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight  
 Of heathen sages cloth'd in heavenly light,  
 Whose merit of strict life, severely suited  
 To reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,  
 Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,  
 Art ever banish'd from the blest abode ?

Oh ! if thy temper such a fear can find,  
 This fear were valour of the noblest kind

Dai'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,  
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy monarch's ire,  
O! live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,  
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea,  
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,  
O! live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath,  
O!, where in tempests icy mountains roll,  
Attempt a passage by the northern pole?  
O! dai'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,  
O! burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?  
O! for some idol of thy fancy draw  
Some loose-gown'd dame? O courage made of  
straw!

Thus, desperate coward, wouldst thou bold appear,  
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee sentry here,  
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield,  
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes, th' apostate angel, he  
You strive to please, the foremost of the three,  
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,  
But can he give for love that acts in hate?  
The world's thy second love, thy second foe,  
The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,  
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,  
You grasp a wither'd stumptet to your breast,  
The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,  
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes  
While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,  
From whence the flesh has power to taste a joy,



Seek thou Religion primitively sound—  
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found ?

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,  
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,  
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,  
She there was seen a thousand years ago ;  
And loves her relic rags, as men obey  
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday  
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,  
Who seeks Religion at Geneva born,  
A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd,  
Though young, unhandsome, though unhand-  
some, proud,  
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge  
All guls unhealthy but the country dudge

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,  
The man contented takes his church at home,  
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain  
Should some new laws, which like new fashions  
reign,

Command his faith to count salvation tied,  
To visit his, and visit none beside ;  
He grants salvation centies in his own,  
And grants it centies but in his alone,  
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,  
And they confer his faith, who give his name,  
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live  
Enthral'd to guardians, take the wives they give

From all professions careless Any flies,  
“For all professions can’t be good,” he cries,  
And here a fault, and there another views,  
And lives unfix’d for want of heart to choose,  
So men, who know what some loose gulls have done,  
For fear of marrying such, will marry none  
The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike,  
On each he dotes, on each attends alike,  
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,  
The dresses altering, and the sex the same  
So fares Religion, chang’d in outward show,  
But, ’tis Religion still where er we go  
This blindness springs from an excess of light,  
And men embrace the wrong to choose the right  
But thou of force must one Religion own,  
And only one, and that the right alone,  
To find that right one, ask thy reverend sire,  
Let his of him, and him of his inquire,  
Though Truth and Falsehood seem as twins allied,  
There’s eldership on Truth’s delightful side,  
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,  
Is not of no Religion, nor the worst  
T’ adore, or scorn an image, or protest,  
May all be bad, doubt wisely for the best,  
’Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray,  
It is not wandering, to inquire the way

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,  
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,  
Sits sacred Truth enthron’d, and he who means

To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,  
 Winds round and round, and every turn essays,  
 Where sudden breaks resist the shorter way.  
 Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,  
 Thy searching soul possess her rest alive  
 To work by twilight were to work too late,  
 And age is twilight to the night of fate  
 To will alone, is but to mean delay,  
 To work at present is the use of day  
 For man's employ much thought and deed remain,  
 High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,  
 And mysteries ask believing, which to view,  
 Like the fair Sun, are plain, but dazzling too

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possess,  
 Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast  
 By no blank charters harm they where they hate  
 Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate  
 Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'st thy soul be tied  
 To human laws! or must it so be tied?  
 Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,  
 When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,  
 That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,  
 Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss  
 For every contrary in each extreme  
 This holds alike, and each may plead the same

Wouldst thou to power a proper duty show?  
 'Tis thy first task the bounds of power to know,  
 The bounds once pass'd, it holds the same no more,

Its nature alters, which it own'd before,  
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,  
But all a low idolatry at best  
Power from above, subordinately spread,  
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head,  
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,  
But roars a torrent or a flood below ;  
Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,  
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn  
And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost,  
All the long travel, and in ocean lost  
So fares the soul, which more that power reveres,  
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres

ON BISHOP BURNET'S BEING SET ON FIRE  
IN HIS CLOSET

FROM that due era, bane to Sarum's pride,  
Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends  
aside,

He talks and writes that popery will return,  
And we, and he, and all his works will burn  
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd  
Oh, far from Britain be the rest remov'd !  
For, as of late he meant to bless the age,  
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,  
O'er-wrought with passion, and the subject's  
weight,

Lolling, he nodded in his elbow seat,  
Down fell the candle, grease and zeal conspire,  
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn then  
sire

Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,  
And there an introduction brings its faggots .  
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,  
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation

Unwain'd by this, go on, the realm to flight,  
Thou Briton vaunting in thy second-sight !  
In such a ministry you safely tell,  
How much you'd suffer, if religion fell.